The Nation.

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The Week.

Congress seems destined to round out its character as a body that neither was born to issues nor achieved issues, but had issues thrust upon it. Congress is chiefly being called upon to do things which it does not particularly care for, but which it is willing to take as the lesser evil. A Republican Congress has taken up tariff revision because of the possibility that there might be a Democratic House if it did not do something. To avert the peril of too much tariff revision, the idea of an income tax was brought forward. To avert the danger of an income tax, Mr. Aldrich has laid hold of the corporation tax. Tariff, income tax, corporation tax bear the vice of their origin. Tariff revision extorted from the Republican party under the threat of punishment at the polls has become in Congress a travesty of revision. The income tax brought forward in the past by those who had not the heart to wrestle with the tariff earnestly, is in danger of being abandoned as soon as an easier alternative presents itself. The corporation tax brought forward as an eleventh-hour remedy bears on its face the strong suspicion of being a temporary stratagem.

Attorney-General Wickersham displays great temerity in actually setting the machinery of justice in operation against the Sugar Trust. Mr. Earle of Philadelphia, and his counsel, have been subpœnaed to appear before a Federal grand jury, and bring with them all the evidence they have that the Sugar Trust had entered into a criminal conspiracy. But this evidence is precisely the same as that which Mr. Bonaparte, when Attorney-General, declared to be entirely insufficient to make out a case. True, Mr. Bonaparte had never seen the evidence, while Mr. Wickersham apparently has; but any Attorney-General who is able to decide by the light of his own inner consciousness that an indictment will not lie, must be so great a lawyer that his successor might well tremble at the thought of differing with him. Meanwhile, the sugar weighers are asking that their trial be deferred until autumn, on the ground that popular anger against the Sugar Trust is dangerously hot just now. The earlier they appear in court, the calmer may the verdict on them be. It is not as if the whole truth were out and waiting only for judgment. Only a few opening chapters of the sickening story of corporation thievery have been deciphered; the rest President Taft and the Attorney-General will surely grub out. Their discoveries about the leading criminals can scarcely whitewash the seven little mercenaries. Should one of the men higher up turn State's evidence—an event not altogether unlikely—what fuel might then be added to the fires of indignation! Big knave and little knave would probably fare alike.

It is a highly commendable move to try to keep open the door of diplomatic preferment to capable American citizens who do not happen to be rich. Of recent years, the expenditure required to support the social status of an ambassadorship abroad has made the official salary seem exceedingly meagre. The American Embassy Association, whose object is the correction of this anomaly, is therefore engaged in a good cause. One can not, however, quite escape envying E. Clarence Jones, the president of this organization, his pleasant task of making a "personal investigation" of the way our diplomats are housed abroad, the cost of living in foreign capitals, and the allowances made by other governments to their diplomats. It is possible that Mr. Jones, after having been fêted at such unpretentious establishments as that on Park Lane, London, may at least alter the wording of his propaganda, and abandon the idea of finding "more fitting abodes" for our diplomatic representatives. The abodes are "fitting" enough, if the salary were commensurate. Meanwhile Frederick A. Delano, president of the Wabash Railroad, announces his intention of sticking to railroading rather than take the Chinese mission. It is a bit odd to hear that he regards railroading as affording "no schooling in diplomacy." He must be a man with unusual definitions.

The business-like proceedings of the Direct Primary Association at Albany last week augur well for the early success of the movement in this State. The interest in some effective plan for giving political initiative to the party rank and file is too pervasive and emphatic to tolerate much longer the boss system of nomination. The Association is alive to the practical necessities of its propaganda, and shrewdly proposes to interrogate every candidate for the Assembly upon his attitude toward this question. Equally sagacious is the Association's project to organize in every county of the State a local league to forward this legislation. Gov. Hughes's letter to the Association disposes of the objection, if the machine dares longer to raise it, that direct primaries signify the abandonment of the party system. Its advocates intend that party leadership shall be a real and responsible leadership, not a subterranean manipulation of those who hold power without just title to power. It must cause searchings of heart to some of the advocates of the old régime to canvass the names upon the Association's roster of officers, so unquestioned has been their stanch party loyalty in the past, and so unassailable is their representative character. The advisory council is headed by Oscar M. Straus. It is all very well to scout at a lot of unpractical idealists, but when the practical men of affairs of unimpeachable standing in party councils declare their abhorrence of the present workings of the nominating machine, even the hidebound spoilsman may well think it good politics to "pander to the moral element."

With the enactment of the bill prohibiting race-track gambling in Florida, the year's campaign in State Legislatures came to an end. This movement has had the backing of no general organization whatever. Following the passage of Gov. Hughes's measure in New York, the idea has been taken up on individual initiative elsewhere. In Louisiana, the Locke bill went through with an incident recalling the dramatic action of Senator Foelker in this State. At Baton Rouge, a Senator so ill that he was hardly able to stand turned the tide in favor of the measure. In Cali-

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fornia and Washington the race-track interests, seemingly strong at first, crumbled at the test; while Texas fell in line soon after. When it is recalled that knowing persons predicted Gov. Hughes's defeat last autumn solely on account of his anti-gambling campaign, there is food for study in the fact not only that he was elected, but that five States have followed with legislation patterned after his.

The trial of Patrick Calhoun in San Francisco came to have a national interest, and it is a national disappointment that the jury could not reach a verdict. That a defendant whose case in court had occupied nearly five months could be neither convicted nor acquitted in the end, is, as the presiding judge remarked, a deplorable event which should lead Americans everywhere to look to their methods of criminal prosecution. This San Francisco trial was, to be sure, hedged about by unusual difficulties. Public feeling had been inflamed; there were the sharpest differences of opinion in the community, making the selection of an impartial and competent jury almost impossible; and the whole contest had too much resolved itself into a battle between powerful interests. The long weeks spent in sifting the talesmen showed how general was the belief that getting the jury "right" was more important than the presentation of evidence. But over and above all this, was the ominous fact that, as Judge Lawlor said, the criminal statutes and judicial decisions of California had been made an intricate maze of subtleties and uncertainties, directly inviting such a fiasco as has now followed. The lesson is one that should be taken to heart in all the States. Until our criminal procedure is simplified and purified, there is little chance of convicting a rich and resourceful man "higher up," or even of making sure that, in ordinary cases, there shall not be a miscarriage of justice.

The new Secretary of Commerce and Labor, who had already shown his quality in dealing with the Director of the Census, has now applied a cold douche of common sense to a group of labor leaders. These worthy gentlemen have demanded the abolition of the "division of information," in the Bureau of Immigration. Their complaint was that it had been far too serviceable to intending and actual immigrants. Especially did they object to its aiding newcomers to find work. This was to take bread from the children's mouths and give it unto dogs—that is, to make it appear that workingmen could get along without unions. Unexpressed was the charge that immigrants had been told where men were wanted to take the place of strikers, this being, of course, the unpardonable sin. But Secretary Nagel has refused to accept the reasoning of Gompers and Mitchell, Chief Stone, and Commissioner-General Keefe. To their urgent representations, he replies that he will not make the change they desire; that he believes in giving immigrants all the assistance possible; and that, in fact, the distribution of these new workers has been made with great care, most of them having been sent out to farms and other places where there was a "shortage of labor." But that phrase will only heighten Secretary Nagel's offence, in the eyes of trades unionists. He seeks to relieve a shortage of labor. They would make it chronic. And the fact that the Secretary has both reason and humanity on his side, will not alter their opinion of his decision.

The social rebel's trade-mark and countersign is the straight line, which, being the shortest distance between two points, symbolizes all his aspirations. He sees a broker wolf devouring a lamb; the beast must be strangled on the spot. A drunkard jostles him; the saloon must go. Children are not being taught to earn their bread; close the mediæval schools and colleges! If our rebel makes a business of his rebellion, he again drives in a straight line across our civilization. There is in this directness an intellectual vigor, as well as an unwavering honesty, which forces admiration. It outdoes Nature's own blind gropings toward a better order; no gunner ever drives so true to his mark, for even cannon-balls move in a curve. Nevertheless, a straight line has its serious disadvantages, one among which our uncompromising reformers have, we fear, overlooked to their own eventual grief. This one the geometer points out when he declares that the line meets itself at infinity. In terms of reform this means that, if you push straight on to the limit in any direction, you will land in the very region you fled.

We see the working of this law oftenest nowadays in the remodelling of our social institutions. The Socialist, hating capital and classes, prays to be ruled by despots in an aristocracy whose leaders have more substantial power than mere stocks or bonds could ever bestow. From Chicago comes *Correct Thinking*, a new magazine devoted to the immediate enthronement of uncompromising common sense in school, church, and town hall. It demands that we employ a teacher for every ten pupils, evict all preachers, close every court and law school, and ostracize physicians—to say nothing of expunging from literature all ideas that occurred to anybody before Darwin wrote. If common sense, moving in a straight line, brings up there, one understands why it is that the most successful reformer often moves in a circle.

In the statistical debate over the relative growth of Eastern and Western colleges only one striking fact has appeared; that is the slight advance the latter have made over the former. So slight is it that, figuring one way you see it, and, figuring another way, you don't. All things considered, the situation must mildly disappoint the West. Foreign educators have been extolling its universities above the cis-Appalachian; one English critic rating Wisconsin as the first of the land. Home educators have shown the same preference. Particularly the great State universities of the Mississippi Valley now offer the undergraduate every fancy course, every patent rowing machine, and every social delight known to the most effete East. Only in their graduate schools do their bids fall short; but, in compensation, they are catching more utilitarians than does the East with their lectures on cheese-making and hog cholera. At the same time, "atmosphere" has been slowly gathering about the Western campus, local pride has added an ell to its girth, and the whole countryside has grown mightily in self-sufficiency. Finally, West has outstripped East in the rate of increasing population. We might expect, then, to see the star of our educational empire taking

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its way toward the sunset at a meteor's speed. But it is not; and the only reason is that tradition and sentiment still overrule college boomers.

A five-foot shelf of books very frequently does represent a wide and lofty culture—for the friends of the owner of the shelf. To be the owner of only five feet of books means only too often that the other fifteen or twenty feet are in the parcelled possession of people who wanted a particular volume merely for a day or two, or for a tedious railway trip, or only to read to a sick friend. Lists have been drawn up of the hundred best books and the hundred worst books. But neither Sir John Lubbock nor Lord Acton nor Dr. Eliot has really met the point. The hundred best books are the books our friends lug away or send back with fingermarks on the margin. The hundred worst books are the books they leave us. We say this with all due consciousness of the fact that humanity shows itself at its very lowest in the man who locks his book-case and makes it a principle not to lend. Some golden mean must be found between being miserly and being ruined. Might not some enterprising publisher put on the market a library of a hundred selected books intended exclusively for being given away?

The effect abroad of the English wave of war hysteria, has not been exactly flattering to English pride. The world in general has wondered. German newspapers have made jokes about the imperturbable Briton. But perhaps the most unwelcome comment has come from the side of France. Some of the most serious French newspapers are now asking what value the Anglo-French *entente* can have, if England is in such a blue funk about her military helplessness. The readiness of Great Britain to come to the aid of France, in case of war, has been understood to be a part of the agreement between the two nations. Mr. Strachey writes incidentally in his recent book of "the knowledge that we should stand by France in case of any attack upon her by Germany." But the Paris *Temps* has been reading the confessions made for sentimental or partisan effect at the recent Press Conference, and discovers that a British expeditionary force would not probably exceed three or four divisions. But that will never do, declares the *Temps*, for an offensive alliance. If England is not able to launch sixteen or eighteen divisions, she had better keep out of the coil of Continental politics, and be once more peaceable John Bull at home in his tight little island.

It's a different Von Bülow who handed out cuffs and compliments last week, from the man who less than a year ago seemed in imminent peril of being ground to fragments between an infuriated Reichstag and a disconsolate Emperor. But the habit of loyalty is very strong in Germany, and after the Kaiser's diplomatic *coup* in the matter of the Balkans, William II and his man are firm in the saddle again. From the indifferent way in which Von Bülow has taken to speaking of his possible retirement from office, it may be gathered, first, that such an event would not quite overwhelm him, and, secondly, that such an event is not very probable before the adjustment of the difficult financial question. And when a man isn't afraid, and, in any case, doesn't care, he is eminently in the mood to have a little fun with his enemies. Von Bülow has been Chancellor since 1900—longer by five years than Caprivi, and by three years than Prince Hohenlohe. Ruling a Reichstag must be pleasant, but taking orders from the Kaiser is rather wearing, and the Chancellor's health is not what it used to be. If, after giving Germany a great navy, he should succeed in finding the money to pay for it, he might leave office with an enviable record.

The Federation of American Zionists has gone through its twelfth annual convention with no signs of wavering from its original aim, the establishment of a Jewish national state in Palestine. All over the world the Zionist party, in a strict sense, has held firm to the old programme. By contrast, the party led by Israel Zangwill has wandered pretty nearly over all the five continents and the seven seas without fixing upon any one location for more than a couple of months. Believing that any region which is fit for colonization would make a suitable second Palestine, they have found nothing that suits. The latest field of inquiry has been Mesopotamia, about which much talk is still under way. But already it is becoming evident that the economic difficulties of the project are enormous. Before the land can be occupied, it must be largely created anew by a vast system of irrigation. The Mesopotamian project is chiefly interesting because it shows that in the long run Mr. Zangwill and his followers here have been forced to perceive that sentiment is a very important factor indeed in Zionism. Mesopotamia is Biblical soil, and the distance to Holy Land is short. But the Zionists who have held fast to Palestine have their difficulties. That region, too, is not at present a land with milk and money blest. If it is to support a much larger population than it counts at present, large stretches of desert and waste must be reclaimed. The task that thus confronts the architects of a new Jewish state is a double one. They must make farmers out of the Jews, and they must make a land for them to cultivate. What has taken years and large expense on the fertile soil of Argentina, will call for greater labors still in the sun-baked territories about the Jordan.

No doubt, the Chinese railway loan, in which so many Powers are determined to have a part, is a serious affair, with important commercial and international relations, but the various steps taken in the matter seem irresistibly comic. The rush of the nations up to bewildered China with the announcement that she really must borrow some money from each of them, scarcely appears like a scene from real life; and the sudden awakening of the United States to the fact that this country, too, had a right to force some of its hard-earned dollars upon the Chinese, looked strangely artificial in a thrifty and close-fisted Uncle Sam. Now comes one more touch of the comic spirit in the pathetic appeal of England that, having kept out of the loan so long, we keep out altogether. Admitting our right, under the convention with China, the English Foreign Office begs us not to insist upon it, and thereby imperil an agreement which has been long and difficult in the drafting. To complete the humorous aspect of the whole transaction, the Washington dispatches say that our Government is more determined than ever to go ahead. We should like to oblige England, but a loan is thicker than water.

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THE CORPORATION TAX.

Mr. Taft's quiet message to Congress last week deserves quiet study. The wrathful explosions which it has provoked in certain quarters are disturbing to the calm inquiry which ought to be made into the political and financial and social aspects of the measure which the President recommends. Beginning with the first, it is obvious that Mr. Taft has made this public intervention in the tariff debate, mainly to come to the help of Aldrich against the mighty. It is, primarily, a political move. Taxation is secondary. The Republican organization in the Senate was in danger of disruption. Aldrich and his phalanx had discovered that they would be outvoted on the amendment providing for an income tax. In their despair, they appealed to the White House, and the message is the result.

Its immediate political effect will doubtless be what was designed. The income-tax amendment will be beaten. When the President declares against enacting it at present, and urges the passage of a Constitutional amendment giving Congress, what it has not now, the undoubted power to levy an income tax of the broadest kind, party pressure is certain to bring over enough wavering Republican Senators to give Aldrich a narrow but sufficient majority. Indeed, the Washington dispatches make it clear that this result has already been secured. The inter-party alliance for the income tax confesses itself beaten. It will continue to fight, but acknowledges that the other side will win. Yet this does not mean that the whole tariff controversy will now come to a speedy end. Instead of cutting short the debate, we think it will be found that President Taft's message has greatly prolonged it. The new topic will precipitate new Senatorial *longueurs* and fury. On the merits both of the proposed corporation tax and of the income tax, many a Senator will desire to speak nine times the space that measures day and night to mortal men. The Democrats will wish to make party capital by showing that the new President is as skilled as the former in stealing their clothes—for he is now recommending what the Denver platform advocated, while his own party passed it over in silence. Hence we fear that Mr. Taft's plans to get away to his summer home by July 10 will be interfered with. He may go, or he may come, but the Senate debate will flow on.

In favor of a corporation tax as a fiscal measure, there is much to be said. It is a direct tax upon wealth. Moreover, it is a tax which cannot, except in very small part, be shifted to the consumer. This is challenged in the statement put out by the rump of the insurgent Republican Senators. They say: "It is well known that corporations, especially the larger ones, can in most instances shift the burden of the tax to the public by imposing upon the people increased charges and prices." But these amateur economists can scarcely have looked at the scientific discussions of the incidence and shifting of taxation, nor studied the actual facts of business. A tax on net earnings which exceed ordinary savings bank interest is one of the few taxes which are tardily if ever shifted. The case would be different if the tax were on gross earnings or gross product or on dividends or capital. But to tax net receipts is to tax a surplus. It does not heighten the cost of production, so that, under competitive conditions, no corporation could in consequence exact more for its goods or services. Even a monopoly could not do so, for even a monopoly would probably find that steady prices and large business would be more profitable than increased prices and lower gross returns. The tax on parlor-car tickets, during the Spanish war, was paid by the corporations. It is pretty safe to conclude that nearly every corporation would in like manner pay a tax on its net income. Considered merely as a means of raising revenue from those who can best afford to contribute, the corporation tax if it affected all securities alike, must rank high among those which come nearest meeting the canons of just taxation.

This fact, however, does not do away with the unhappy impression caused by this eleventh-hour throwing of the corporation tax into the Senatorial witches' caldron. Urged in the name of revenue, there is no certainty what the resulting revenue will be, nor whether it will be needed. Senator Aldrich has stoutly declared that it will not be; yet now he is meekly accepting an additional tax to raise indefinite millions. The President says: "I am informed that a 2 per cent. tax of this character would bring into the Treasury not less than $25,000,000." He does not state who informed him. No detailed estimates are offered. But it seems plain that the figures given to Mr. Taft put the returns from the tax far too low. The net earnings of the railways for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1907, were $833,000,000, thus alone yielding a revenue under the proposed tax of more than $16,000,000. It is hard to believe that the same tax on all the other corporations would not bring in a total largely outrunning the President's estimate. In any event, we have here one more hap-hazard experiment in taxation, vaguely undertaken, in a way that can only add to our national reputation for financial hugger-mugger.

Nor does it appear that the remoter consequences have been so carefully studied as they should have been. It is not certain that some corporations could not safely contest the constitutionality of the tax. Any of them whose earnings came in whole, or in part, from land, could apparently claim exemption under the decision of the Supreme Court that to tax the revenue from land, is to tax the land itself, thus making it a direct tax such as is forbidden to Congress, without apportionment. Even the choice of the corporation tax, therefore, may be, no less than would be the voting of an income tax, the "enacting of a lawsuit." And when we add the complexities and dubieties sure to arise from putting a swarm of Federal inspectors and bookkeepers into the offices of all corporations, great and small, we see reason enough for regretting the time and manner of bringing this vast project before a fatigued and fretted Congress.

NEGOTIATING A TARIFF.

A political philosopher of sufficient experience and detachment of view could readily find in the present activities of Congress an analogy to what biologists call reversion to type. Prior to the adoption of the Constitution, our national Congresses had been virtually nothing more than advisory conventions or diplomatic assemblies of sovereign colonies. The Constitution contemplated the creation of a national Legislature. What has resulted is an essentially diplomatic body whose statutes in their making bear more resemblance to the negotiating of a treaty than to the framing of a law. As a result, the na-

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tion as a whole is represented in reality by the Chief Executive, not by Congress. It falls to him to impose upon provincial leaders the power of national opinion. By virtue of his office, and of his practically direct election thereto, he alone is the recognized Attorney of the People.

It is true that the framers of the Constitution foresaw divergent local interests that would conflict in the arena of Federal legislation. But they had been mindful of the equality of the States in assigning two Senators to each and every commonwealth. And a lower house, constituted upon the basis of population, was supposed to guarantee directly an adequate reflection of popular sentiment. The Fathers did not, in all probability, enter very deeply into the philosophic distinction between the delegate and the representative, between the man who simply counted numerically as the index of local sentiment, and the man who undertook the responsibility of determining what was for the interest of his constituents. But having secured, as they supposed, a Federal Legislature, they seem to have had no misgivings that it might degenerate into an essentially non-representative body.

There never have failed to be clashings of petty local interests in Congress. But the issues of the Civil War and the subsequent problems of reconstruction had a solidifying effect that erased most regional differences. In 1861 the M. C. was for the Union and the war, or was a "copperhead." Up to 1876 the reconstruction acts and the war amendments to the Constitution kept party affiliations intact. With the subsidence of these issues, a new set of interests began to manifest themselves. These were essentially pecuniary, not political. But as they were to be served by the control of the tax machinery, these interests found it convenient to mask, so long as they could, in partisan disguises.

It is true that, on a relatively small scale, national economy, and sometimes even national solvency, had been endangered by what Congressmen now regard as the rather primitive process of "log-rolling." Localities have been able in the past to secure costly public buildings and disbursements for harbors and rivers by an alliance of representatives who conspired to promote their mutual inroads on the Treasury. But the growth of the Speaker's power converted this individualistic system of coöperative robbery into a method of collective "conversion" (as the wise call it), which required the party sanction. The real trellis-work upon which the parasitic form of degenerate legislation has climbed is found in the rules of the Senate. The right of unlimited debate means, at the limit, the right of individual veto of legislation. Of course, this right has to be exercised under such limitations as may be imposed by human capacity to keep talking. There is the equally efficacious check of not offending opponents overmuch. But in the last resort, as Senator Tillman has demonstrated, a determined, persistent, and aggressive individual Senator can foist an appropriation upon a general bill by simply holding up supplies for the entire government.

It is this situation which makes the tariff legislation of the United States to all intents and purposes a treaty between the great industrial interests whose ambassadors, under the title of Senators, raise or lower rates of duty in contemptuous disregard of the interests of the entire body of consumers. Senator Lodge has even declared the consumer to be only "a myth." At all events, the consumer's influence upon the great schedules of taxation is purely mythical. The Senate rules are practically those of international law. The equal sovereignty of all nations, *alias* Senators, is the cornerstone of all peaceful negotiation.

A pertinent illustration is furnished in Senator Bulkeley's recent intervention in tariff-making, not in his capacity as Senator from Connecticut, but as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the tobacco-growers. The action of the Concert of the Powers in Crete, for example, is not different in kind, but is presumably more laudable in character and intent, than the Bismarckian way in which Baron Aldrich is seeking to secure the maximum benefit for the protected interests. With a tariff policy such as we have long pursued, this perversion of the essential character of Congress is inevitable. It will not be until the people as a whole recognize the unmistakable usurpation of Constitutional function for sordid interests, that we can expect to recover a national Legislature imbued with real concern for national interests.

THE REAL STRENGTH OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

English opinion, it is reported, looks upon the meeting between Kaiser and Czar with equanimity. England nowadays is so disinclined to look upon anything with equanimity that her refusal to shape a new scare out of the periodical meeting between the two Emperors, may be taken as a sign of returning common sense in Albion. It would have been so easy to show how the interview in the Gulf of Finland was another staggering heart-blow at the Empire; how William II's purpose was to win Russia away from her friendly understanding with Great Britain; how Russia would be incited to antagonize British interests in Persia and persuaded to join hands with Japan against her present ally; how the dominions beyond the seas would thus be put in mortal peril as a preparation for Armageddon in the North Sea; how anything and everything else a nation's panic fostered by a yellow press can render conceivable, is bound to come. But instead the English nation has chosen to believe that the Imperial interview will actually assure the peace of Europe. The ruin of the Empire is perceptibly no nearer than it was on the afternoon before the interview, though, of course, it is much more imminent than before Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour delivered their speeches at the Imperial Press Conference. After all, it is possible that Parliament will close and Englishmen will enter the grouse season in a fairly composed state of mind.

Throughout her present sharp attack of nerves, nothing has been more striking than Great Britain's omission to find encouragement in any reserves of moral strength she might honestly claim to possess. She has weighed her chances against Germany's in terms exclusively of reeking tube and iron shard. When men have predicted the dismemberment of the Empire and the destruction of London by a German army corps, it seemingly has occurred to no one to inquire whether the British Empire and the German Empire do not embody certain diverse ideals which might have some influence in throwing victory to one side or the other. Moral issues, we admit, have no interest for the experts who balance broadside against broadside and battalion against battalion, and love to forecast the fate of battles by

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the narrowest of arithmetical margins. Yet it is these same experts who, after the event, explain away their sad miscalculations by that despised moral factor. It was the superior moral weight of the Japanese cause that, by common confession, contributed as much as anything to the defeat of Russia. It was the moral superiority of the Boer cause that gave it two years of victory against tremendous odds. It may have been the needle gun and Moltke's genius that brought about the downfall of France, but Germany's moral right to make herself into a united nation played a sufficiently important part. Men and guns are not everything if they are arrayed against the trend of civilization and the spirit of the age.

When the British fire-eaters picture Germany as pouncing upon the Empire and seizing it for herself, it is pertinent to ask whether Germany's strength is such as to make her a fit ruler of dependencies. We may go further and ask if even that fear of a great Germanic empire in all Europe, can be anything but an empty fear. To exaggerate the power of the German army is only to indicate the limitations of German expansion. Prussian militarism may be justified in the eyes of most Germans today by the unity, the prestige, and the assurance of peace it has brought them. To the extent that the Prussian army has worked towards such ends, it has been a moral agent. But Prussian militarism will not retain its effectiveness when it sets out to conquer and keep down foreign nationalities. By so much as the Prussian element in the Hohenzollern dominions dwindles to a minority, by so much will it become more difficult to maintain a Hohenzollern empire that shall be at the same time a great hive of industry and an armed camp. All over Europe and the world the current runs away from war-lord and autocracy to democracy and self-government, and Hohenzollern ideals cannot in the end make head against it.

English rule, with all that can be cited against it in India and Egypt, still carries with it the fundamental principle of democracy. England is still the mother of parliaments and the inspiration for oppressed nationalities. Her Empire is mainly based on self-government; and even in India, where the problem is so immensely difficult, the English instinct for progress with prudence is now manifesting itself. Would it be foolhardy in an English statesman to declare that until Germany had thoroughly learned the lesson of democracy and the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, the British Empire has, in the long run, nothing to fear? It is hard to imagine Canada, Australia, or South Africa overrun by German troops. But even if we imagine the conquest as effected, it is quite impossible to think of Germany ruling these colonies. The process of sergeant's drill is not the right preparation for world-empire. The spirit of German government and administration must grow more supple and more modern before the war-lord can look toward domination over non-Germanic Europe, or dominions beyond the seas.

Not all the moral weight is on the side of Great Britain. The German nation has discipline, loyalty, laboriousness, enterprise, and method. British statesmen have conceded the Germans the palm for efficiency. Germany has no such internal sores as England's pauperism to weaken her. Her laborers work harder and fare worse than the English, but they have a greater assurance of immunity from starvation, or the poorhouse, in their old age. We may enumerate every fine quality that has contributed to Germany's leading place among the nations, and yet question whether expansion along undemocratic lines can go much further than it has gone with her.

THE TASK OF PRESIDENT ANGELL'S SUCCESSOR.

A recent visitor to the United States is reported as remarking that we Americans are no less excited over the choice of a president for one of our universities than over that of the President for the nation. The election of President Eliot's successor, which occasioned the remark, is safely over. President Angell's successor is still to be appointed—another appointment involving much more than local interest. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that in educational importance—which with us almost spells national importance—this choice is second only to that of the president of Harvard. In each case, the new president takes direction of a university grown great under his predecessor; in each case his problem is, not to destroy, or even to recast, but to restrain the excesses and to develop the strength of a valuable type of education. The incoming administration at Harvard promises changes of this progressive kind: the encouragement of scholarship by outward as well as inward sanctions, and the more philosophic control of the elective system. The successor of President Angell will have a task of great delicacy if he is to do likewise for the fine type of education represented by the State universities of the West.

Under President Angell, the University of Michigan grew, as it were, to manhood. And as a young man "feels his life in every limb," without as yet feeling the need of conscious control from the centres of brain and heart and will, so this university has come to live a life instinctive and peripheral rather than deliberate and central. There is room for doubt as to how far power should be concentrated in the hands of a university president; there can be no doubt that actual conditions at Ann Arbor call for change. Power has slipped from the president's hands, upward into the hands of the regents, sideways or downward into the hands of the deans. The regents have come to interfere in faculty appointments, promotions, and dismissals, and in the regulation of student activities; the deans, each intrenched in his own school or "department," have grown to be virtually autonomous. At the faculty meetings of schools other than the college proper—the "literary department"—the president has been of late not so much a controlling force as an honored guest.

The presidency has thus shrunk to the Headship of the College. Other "departments" of the university, each under its dean, have been walled off, each in its corner of the campus. The whole has been subject to irresponsible interference from without. This system has not been altogether justified of its children. Upon the wire-pulling, the "seeing" of high personages, the undignified procedure of university politics, in some cases barely stopping short of scandal, it is better not to enlarge. More important educationally is the fact that this system has compelled the university to leave unused much of the spontaneous energy of its teachers. More than one scholar, for instance, whose appointment has happened to land him in a "department" where only preparatory drill-work is done in his subject, has

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not been permitted to offer advanced courses in another "department." There has been, we believe, no marshalling of the forces from the whole university—such as has recently been effected in certain studies at Harvard and Columbia. On the whole, there has been a scattering and a waste of energy, a failure to give employment to enthusiasm. Who shall say that the student has not suffered, as well as the teacher?

Hope appears in at least two directions. Michigan has so far foregone a large and costly graduate school. Many of its teachers, probably a majority, despite the promotion and consideration that have been made the rewards of "research," have given their best energies to "mere teaching." A president who, like Dr. Angell, should be himself a man of broad ideas in education, who should map out the whole province, who should allot to research and to teaching each its proper field, and who at the same time should offer a new *Lehrfreiheit* transcending department walls—would gain at once, we venture to predict, the enthusiastic support both of the "productive scholars" and of the teachers. Under such a president we might behold once more—despite the enormous numbers and the enormous "plant" of our larger colleges—a university whose basis would lie in the contact between a teacher and a student: "a boy at one end of a log and Mark Hopkins at the other."

Again, there is hope in the very growth which has brought about present conditions. The University of Michigan, unlike many a university in the West and the South—and, for that matter, the East—need make no concession or compromise for the sake of numbers. It has always at its doors an eager throng, waiting to enter and ready to work. The pose, too common at Eastern colleges, that study is rather discreditable—something to avoid if you can, to dissemble if you must—is refreshingly absent from student life at Ann Arbor. On such a body of learners as a foundation, the natural superstructure is a high standard of teaching, a free and flexible organization, and a rational, a central yet widespread, conception of what all this educational activity is about. After all, deans and regents are "almost human." Jealous of power as they may be, the more public-spirited of them cannot but acknowledge the better way; and the others must follow. The delicacy of his task will not appal the new president if he possesses anything like President Angell's tact and insight. He will perceive that for the material and the spiritual bases which make possible the changes he finds necessary, thanks are due to President Angell. At the same time he will realize that the opportunity is his own to make of the University of Michigan a leader among our State institutions.

ON STUDYING SEVERAL LITERATURES.

A Columbia professor has written a book which he calls "Studies in Several Literatures." It is rather too earnestly named. The author chats about Greek, Latin, Russian, French, English, and American writers; but the fifteen papers in his volume are in no wise reminiscent of the lamp, nor are they addressed to pondering readers. Neither is it quite accurate to speak of the "studies" as *in* several literatures. They are all in one. The writer is a faithful friend to the modern man with but one literature, and not very much of that. The aspects of foreign literatures which attract him, modern or ancient, are those which are most closely parallel to the most familiar aspects of contemporary life—and contemporary life in America. Thackeray is little read outside of England, he thinks, because, to enjoy him, we must know English life and London life." We enjoy Longfellow, because he always writes of women like a native-born American—as, witness the arch-Americanism of his "Trust her not, she's fooling thee." The professor seems to have forgotten for the moment that the line is a literal translation of "Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich," in the old German folksong. If he had thought of the fact, it would only have strengthened his conviction that all interesting people are exactly like ourselves. For he points out with pleasure that the letters of the Athenian Alciphron reveal a sister to the inconsequential and slangy miss who lives just around the corner. He declares that Nausicaa is as "sweet as though we had just met her playing tennis." If she is no sweeter than so, we are tempted to ask, why learn Greek—especially if one has access to a tennis-court?

If Mr. Carnegie had been fortunate enough to hit upon some of the passages in which Homer or Virgil anticipated the ideas of the Twentieth-Century American, he would not have deemed hoar antiquity so dull and profitless. He would have learned that there were paint and powder in the days of Pericles, political rings in Rome, and monopolistic enterprises on the banks of the Tiber. In reading that Cæsar combined interests in finance, libraries, and the general improvement of the state, his bosom might have felt the fraternal throb. If he had tarried long enough to discover that even the Homeric Greeks washed their linen, that Plutarch's countrymen used bait for catching fish, and the guests of Petronius sometimes suffered from indigestion, he, too, might have cried, "Why, this is life! This stuff is immortal!" At any rate, such seems to be the prevailing fashion among historians, critics, and novelists, of interesting us in our foreign neighbors, living and dead. They would end the feud between the ancients and the moderns by the simple process of proving there were no ancients. Or, rather, they would consign the differences of the ancients to the grave-digging "classicist, the antiquarian, the philologist," and consecrate their resemblances to immortality along with our own imperishable transcripts of life. For, as our professor declares in his praise of Zola:

> The centuries of dreaminess have gone by perhaps forever, and to-day man looks with keen, unclouded vision into the verities of his existence, asking no one to prophesy smooth things, but banishing illusions, uncovering nakedness, and facing with a certain hard composure, born of cynicism, the ghastly facts that render human life so terrible.

That final insight into the facts of life is exactly what philosophers from Plato to William James have yearned for; and now at last they have it, or at least "man" has it, which, we suppose, means Tom, Dick, and Harry have it. If such be the case, man may well leave the cemetery of dreams to the literary sextons and go about his great task of uncovering nakedness. Embrace the sovereign assurance that 1909 is the measure of all things, and the study of several literatures will be much simplified. Discard from the literature of the world everything which does not prove that we have gained the ultimate conception of things, and the problem

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of universal culture will be solved. In fact, it is not clear what profit there is in going abroad in time or space at all, if we may safely ignore everything but what we have seen or heard at home. If everything of durable value for the spirit is represented in our modern life and translated into the terms of the hour, why read anything but the newspaper? Such reading will furnish us our heart's desire of the "ghastly facts that render human life so terrible," and those are the facts most worth holding in the keen unclouded vision of the modern man. We cannot be humble in these days; for we possess the truth for which former generations travailed. The finality of our vision is what exalts our pride. We do not think that the ultimate insight of which we are the unique possessors is exhilarating; on the contrary, it leaves us breathless, thunderblasted. Yet, after all, this thought, as we look back over the waste "centuries of dreaminess," sustains us: We are the people; we have banished illusions.

No doubt it is instructive to read Euripides in the light of Shaw, Propertius in the light of Alfred de Musset, and the New Testament in the light of M. B. Eddy. But there are some pretty magnificent things in heaven and earth which cannot be illuminated by such modern tapers. Milton reads best in his own light; so does Virgil; so do Sophocles and Homer. They refuse to be dragged into the light of our common day. They refuse to reveal themselves to the unclouded vision of the man with one literature. They must be sought out where they may be found and read under the light of the inextinguishable dream which the composed cynic at the centre of his Ptolemaic universe thinks he has banished. The illusion that "man" has banished illusions is the rampant egotism of the hour. The right study of several literatures does not end in a proud assurance that we have fixed the sense of life for all time but in a humble conviction that in ten thousand years our notion of the verities of existence will be as obsolete as Homer's or Professor Peck's.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

I.

Professor Harper has the distinction of writing the first book on Sainte-Beuve in English.* He gives evidence of long and careful study of Sainte-Beuve himself, and of most that has been written about him, but should have reserved space for a more systematic discussion of Sainte-Beuve's ideas and his place in criticism. As it is, his work strikes one as a rather loosely written biography, mainly devoted to Sainte-Beuve's youth, or at least to the period before 1848. Professor Harper would no doubt justify this emphasis on biography by the example of Sainte-Beuve himself; but he has also been unduly influenced, perhaps, by recent French writers on Sainte-Beuve—notably M. Léon Séché—and their tendency toward somewhat petty and prying personal details.

Sainte-Beuve is being made the victim of his own method. His biographers are following with a vengeance his advice to examine the seamy side as well as the right side of the tapestry, and to eschew the academic bust. It has become almost the fashion of late in interpreting Sainte-Beuve's behavior to look for the mean, and even the Machiavellian motive. Examples in Professor Harper's book are his assertion that Sainte-Beuve deliberately used the incident of the hundred francs and the smoking chimney in 1848 to attract attention to himself; his insinuation that even in his small acts of charity Sainte-Beuve was merely draping himself for posterity. As a matter of fact, Sainte-Beuve joined a genuine kindliness to a very great irritability. In determining points of this kind, Professor Harper should have given at least as much weight to the testimony of the men who came closest to Sainte-Beuve toward the end—Taine, Renan, Scherer, Jules Troubat—as he has to the spiteful allusions in the Journal of the Goncourts. It is true, as Professor Harper says, that Sainte-Beuve's life was pitched low; but this lack of elevation in him should interest us mainly in so far as it images a philosophy. In other words, biography in a subject of this kind should be put into the service of ideas, if it is not to degenerate into gossip. The side of Sainte-Beuve's life that was pitched lowest has perhaps been made too much of by the biographers, for the simple reason that Sainte-Beuve kept it so completely out of his writings. He is in this respect at the very opposite pole from writers like Herrick, who boasted, as Martial had boasted before him, that, though his "muse was jocund, his life was chaste." But there is a larger aspect to the subject that should not be passed over in silence; and this appears in Sainte-Beuve's strange claim that he had attained to wisdom "like Solomon and Epicurus," through pleasure. Wisdom worthy of the name must be, it should seem, positive rather than negative—an insight and not a mere disillusion. In one passage Sainte-Beuve actually asserts that the truest vision of life is that attained *sous le jour pâli du lendemain des plaisirs*, or as the American comic writer has expressed it, in "the cold gray dawn of the morning after."

II.

There is also a larger aspect to what seems the most purely personal of Sainte-Beuve's feuds and animosities. It is only by seizing on this larger aspect, as recent students have on the whole failed to do, that we can raise the discussion of Sainte-Beuve's attitude toward his contemporaries from the region of gossip into the region of ideas. The point of departure for any such discussion should be Sainte-Beuve's own words:

> Parties and sects have a deadly grudge against any one who, having passed through them, has refused to bind himself to them irrevocably.
>
> I have given no one the right to say "He is one of us." I have certainly had my vices and weaknesses, but it is for what is good in me, for my love of integrity and truth and my independence of judgment, that I have irritated so many people in my life and aroused so much wrath.

To take a concrete instance, Sainte-Beuve, in breaking away from Lamennais and his group, incurred the wrath of the ultra-democrats. Lamennais seems to Professor Harper a sort of saint of democracy. As for Sainte-Beuve's later utterances on Lamennais, says Professor Harper, there is scarcely a single one of them which is not a "shadow on his own memory." But for the impartial observer, Lamennais is simply a fanatic who suddenly abandons one violent extreme, leap-frogs over the heads of his moderate friends, as Sainte-Beuve puts it, and lands in an opposite but equally violent extreme. Why was it becoming increasingly difficult for Sainte-Beuve in the years from 1835 to 1840 to espouse the humanitarian enthusiasms of a man like Lamennais, his faith in the regeneration of society through the principle of brotherly love? If Professor Harper had found the right answer to this question, he would not have been so puzzled by Sainte-Beuve's assertion that the article on La Rochefoucauld (written in 1840) marks an epoch in his inner life. Sainte-Beuve had simply come to feel with La Rochefoucauld that when in ordinary human nature, human nature that has not accepted allegiance to something higher than itself, there is a conflict between egoistic and altruistic motives, it is the egoistic motives that will prevail. Criticism comes to consist more and more for Sainte-Beuve in searching out this triumphant self-love under the thousand specious disguises that it is wont to assume. In his last article on La Rochefoucauld (1863), Sainte-Beuve speaks of the "subtilized and quintessentiated ego" he often detects

*Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve. By C. M. Harper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

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even in utterances and points of view that seem most sublime and impersonal. Man, the everlasting prisoner of his self-love, "cuts and carves everything he encounters on his own pattern." He continues:

> And I myself, first of all, I, who am writing this, if I force myself to love what I am not, or even the contrary of what I am, it is not through detachment from the ego; it is perhaps because I take pride in being nothing in particular, and like myself better apparently, under this broken, fugitive, and multiple form, than under any other. No, no, honest folk, La Rochefoucauld, rightly understood, is not so easy to refute as you suppose.

Passages of this kind should make clear why Sainte-Beuve was at best but a half-hearted humanitarian; why he did not feel sure, like Professor Harper and so many other educated persons of the present time who are drifting more or less consciously toward Socialism, that "in the Revolutionary doctrines of equality and fraternity there is an ideal, a religion, capable of filling the soul and occupying the energy of society"; why he looked so doubtfully on the attempt of man to set up his own image for worship in the sanctuary left vacant by *la grande absence de Dieu*. Professor Harper says that Sainte-Beuve "strangely avoids Molière." In reality, Sainte-Beuve has written better things about Molière than has any other nineteenth century critic; and in one of the best of his Molière passages, he tells us that to "love Molière is to make sure of not falling into a smug and limitless admiration for a humanity that idolizes itself, and forgets of what stuff it is made and that it is always, try as it may, only puny human nature." This humanitarian infatuation and the conception of progress that goes with it has especially impaired Professor Harper's treatment of "Port Royal." Apparently neither the Port Royalists themselves nor Sainte-Beuve could hope so long ago to arrive at any clear notion of Christianity. "It was no doubt easier in 1840, than it is now," says Professor Harper, "to overlook the advantages and even the existence of what might be called the religion of Jesus." What a pity Pascal came too soon to be a true Christian!

III.

As in Sainte-Beuve's relations to Lamennais, so in his relations to other contemporaries—Chateaubriand, Hugo, Balzac—there is a larger aspect that must be emphasized if we are to rise above the level of gossip. The romanticists also bore Sainte-Beuve a deadly grudge for having refused to bind himself to them irrevocably, and ascribed to mere jealousy and rancor opinions that really contained a serious judgment. What concerns us, after all, is not the degree of indelicacy Sainte-Beuve displayed in the time and mode of his attack on Chateaubriand, but the truth or falsity of the attack itself: the charge, namely, that Chateaubriand was the first great writer of the decadence, the writer who changed the capital of French prose from Rome to Byzantium, who substituted for a literature of thought a literature of images and sensations. Like Goethe, Sainte-Beuve, as he grew older, tended more and more to side with the Olympians against the Titans. It is as a humanist that he protests against the violence and excess of Hugo's romanticism, against the violence and excess of the naturalism of Balzac. Later, under the compliments he lavishes on his friend and admirer Taine, one can distinguish the same note of protest against the dehumanizing tendencies of an excessive naturalism. This protest did not keep Taine from asserting shortly after Sainte-Beuve's death that Sainte-Beuve was a thorough-going naturalist, as complete and consistent in his method as Taine himself, only somewhat less systematic; and of course Sainte-Beuve writes that his ambition was to be a *naturaliste des esprits*, and in the third volume of the "Nouveaux Lundis" he outlines a naturalistic method that tends toward scientific determinism; but in practice this naturalism is always tempered by humanism. Nothing is more essential in the study of Sainte-Beuve than to bring out the interplay, not to say the conflict, between his naturalistic method and his humanistic standards. No previous critic carried into his work so keen a sense of relativity. With an almost unparalleled fineness of shading and feeling for the *nuance*, Sainte-Beuve establishes the relation between a work and its author, between the author in turn and his family, race, and age; and then between the age and the preceding age, and so on in widening circles; but he does not take the last step and look on the living individual, especially the superior individual, as a mere link in the chain of phenomena. Just as in "Port Royal" there is a point where he pauses and refuses to apply his naturalistic dissection to the ultimate raptures of religion.

The rôle of Sainte-Beuve's humanism in tempering his naturalism may perhaps best be studied if we compare him with Taine in his treatment of a particular topic, such as the theory of the "master faculty." Of course, Sainte-Beuve differs most obviously from Taine in loving to particularize rather than to generalize, to deal with men singly rather than "in zones and layers," to feel life in its infinite complexity rather than to impose upon it logical formulæ. Yet Sainte-Beuve for once comes near being dogmatic in his assertion that man is determined in his aptitudes, not by any choice of his own, but by nature. Thus of Horace Vernet he writes:

> Everything on both his father's and mother's side had contributed to make of him a man of the brush—involuntarily and irresistibly a painter; his hand, delicate, slender, long, and elegant, was born ready formed and fitted to paint, as the foot of the Arab horse is to run.

Piron, again, he describes as a "pure piece of organized matter, an admirable automaton formed and set up by nature to launch sallies and epigrams." "Somebody has said: La Fontaine grew fables, Tallemant bore anecdotes, Petrarch distilled sonnets, Piron *sneezed* epigrams. *Sneeze* was Piron's own word. Well, you can't hold back a sneeze." Indeed, man is so little a free agent, there is a "strange fatality that puts such a deep and distinct mark upon him from birth and childhood," that, according to Sainte-Beuve, only two hypotheses are logically possible. One may note in passing that Sainte-Beuve overlooks a third hypothesis: that embodied in the Oriental doctrine of Karma, and recently discussed by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson in his address on immortality, without any giving of credit. If we are religious, says Sainte-Beuve, we should believe that man is supernaturally determined, that is, accept in some form the doctrine of divine grace or predestination. If we are not religious, we should admit that man is determined by nature. "But, after all," Sainte-Beuve concludes, "most minds are neither religious nor the contrary. They float around in the intermediary space, and shrink from consequences; they remain at the half-way house in everything. This is what is called common sense—that is to say, the average degree of illusion."

IV.

As a matter of fact, Sainte-Beuve refused to be impaled on the horns of his own dilemma. He left it for Taine to rise superior to the average degree of illusion known as common-sense and assert that the "human spirit is constructed as mathematically as a watch" (the master faculty being, of course, the main-spring that imparts a "fatal and irresistible movement" to all the rest). For, if Sainte-Beuve as a naturalist believed in the master faculty, as a humanist he demanded the balanced faculty, the faculty that is kept under control and tempered by its opposite. He was ready enough to grant that a Piron was a mere machine for making epigrams, but not that the really great writers of the world have been nothing more than "sublime automatons and monomaniacs of genius." The contrast is striking between the "gentle" and humane Shakespeare of Sainte-Beuve and the Shakespeare of Taine, who is a mere unchained force of nature, the "most immoderate of all violators of language." Skeptical as he was of man's power to put a check upon himself, and

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yet believing as a humanist that art requires restraint, Sainte-Beuve was led to exalt a critic like Boileau, who was a visible principle of authority, and supplied a Molière and a La Fontaine with the curb that they might not have found in themselves. It was through the lack of an outer curb of this kind that the writers of his own time, notably Hugo and Balzac, seemed to Sainte-Beuve to have fallen into Titanic unrestraint, or, as he expresses it, to have become "drunk with their own wine."

At bottom, in his attitude toward the master faculty, toward what he calls the "battle between the naturalistic and Christian moralists," Sainte-Beuve remains, as in other respects, a skeptic:

> The irreligious excess consists in the negation of free will and in a sort of predestination, but purely physical and material. . . . How many contrasts and oppositions! Before this sea of human opinions, as on the brink of an ocean, I wonder at the ebb and flow. Who will tell me the law of it all?

Sainte-Beuve saw all that was implied in the weakening of traditional standards in literature and religion, he saw the approach of the "great confusion"; at the same time he was too clear-sighted really to warm up to the new religions that were being offered as substitutes for the disciplines of the past. The underlying method in all these nineteenth century attempts at religion—whether it be the religion of Passion, or the religion of Beauty, or the religion of Science, or the religion of Humanity—is always the same: to take some element of human nature that is immensely important, indeed, but still secondary, and then try to exalt it to the supreme and central place. We must realize the completeness of Sainte-Beuve's detachment from every form of faith, new or old, if we are to penetrate to the last desolate depth of his inner life (*jusqu'au fond désolé du gouffre intérieur*). "The only unity I am ambitious of," he writes, "is that of comprehending everything." But mere comprehension is not in itself a principle of unity at all, but rather of dispersion. In aiming at nothing beyond comprehension, Sainte-Beuve was destined to become, as some one called him, the Wandering Jew of the intellectual world. Naturally enough, he complains in his letters of suffering from the "absence of fixed pole and centre," and seeks an escape from the "void that mined his breast" in unremitting toil.

V.

It is evidently as a *naturaliste des esprits*, and not as a humanist, that Sainte-Beuve has been influential. For his successors he has been above all, as some one says, a great doctor of relativity. "He has, even more than Sainte-Beuve, from whom we are all sprung," writes Anatole France of M. Lamaître, "the sense of the relative." With the growth of this sense of the relative, masculine judgment and the feeling for standards have tended to weaken and disappear. Sainte-Beuve himself is more concerned in arriving at horizontality, if we may be allowed the word, than in determining altitudes. There is an element of truth in the saying that in Sainte-Beuve all men are six feet tall. He exercises that instinct for literary portrait-painting, the incomparable gift for psychological biography that is his own master faculty, with at least as much complacency on second-rate as on first-rate writers. He says it is a part of his method to study the faults of the master enlarged and exaggerated in the disciples. Now, the fault of Sainte-Beuve that his own disciples have exaggerated is the tendency to abound in biographical small-talk, and at the same time lose sight of the eternal values. The moment would therefore seem opportune to exalt Sainte-Beuve's individual achievement, but to react against his influence and method. What is most needed just now is not a great doctor of relativity, but rather a critic who, without being at all rigid or reactionary, can yet carry into his work the sense of standards that are set above individual caprice and the flux of phenomena; who can, in short, oppose a genuine humanism to the pseudo-humanism of the pragmatists. The world has been giving a large share of its attention of late to M. Bergson and his philosophy of vital impulse (*élan vital*). A critic of the kind we have described might be counted on to proclaim a philosophy, not of vital impulse, but of vital unity and vital restraint—restraint felt as an inner living law, and not merely as a dead and mechanical outer rule. We may venture the paradox that criticism would derive more benefit at present from a second Boileau than from another Sainte-Beuve; from a critic concerned, above all, with making keen and crisp discriminations between different degrees of merit or demerit. In other words, the age offers an opening for satire; but it must be constructive satire, satire that implies standards, and is "purified," as Boileau claims of his own, "by a ray of good sense." Nothing could be more inspiriting than some twentieth-century equivalent for those first satires of Boileau, when the bad authors went down before his epigrams like the suitors before the shafts of Odysseus.

In the meanwhile, Sainte-Beuve will come to be looked on more and more, in Anatole France's phrase, as the universal doctor, the Saint Thomas Aquinas of the nineteenth century; not as the greatest man of the century, but possibly as the most representative, the one who embodied most completely its aspiration toward horizontality, its magnificent widening out of knowledge and sympathy, and, some would add, its lack of adequate central aim. If Professor Harper's book, in spite of considerable psychological finesse and grasp on ideas, is inadequate, it is in part because the subject is one of the most difficult and complex in modern literature. If the book is readable after all, it is because Sainte-Beuve, though one of the most difficult of subjects, is also one of the most fascinating.

IRVING BABBITT.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The appearance of Vol. VII of the "Catalogue of Books in the Library of the late E. D. Church," edited by George Watson Cole, marks the completion of the most important catalogue of a library of its size which has ever appeared in this or (so far as we know) any other country. The title page of almost every book is reproduced in facsimile, and, except in the case of the very largest books, the reproduction is the size of the original. The collations are full, and copious references are made to other bibliographical works. A general sketch of the author's writings in many cases precedes the descriptions of the books.

The most important portion of this volume, and the glory of the library, is the Shakespeare collection. The ninety-one numbers filling 206 pages of the Catalogue, with ninety-one facsimiles, forms what is, as far as it goes, the best bibliography of the early editions of Shakespeare yet prepared. All early editions of the poems and plays, even though they are not in the library, are mentioned in the comment, though not fully described. Mr. Cole has submitted check lists to the owners or custodians of all the important Shakespeare collections here or abroad, and, with three notable exceptions, his queries have been answered fully and freely. In a table he exhibits the relative richness of various libraries in editions before 1700, showing the issues before 1623 separately, and showing also the number of duplicates. In editions before 1623, the date of the first folio, the Bodleian Library possesses eighty-three different books, the British Museum eighty, and the Capell collection in the University of Cambridge sixty-seven. These are the three great public collections in England. The most important private collection is the Duke of Devonshire's with sixty-one different books before 1623. Then comes the Church collection, the fifth in order of completeness, with fifty-four different editions, followed by the Huth collection in England, with forty-three early editions, and William Augustus White's collection in Brooklyn, with forty. If editions up to 1700 are included, Mr. White's collection stands third, with 100 different editions, being surpassed only by the British Museum, with 169, and the Bodleian Library, with 156. The Church collection of the four folios with the various imprints is the most complete known, surpassing those of the British Museum and the Lenox collection.

The early editions of "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" are so rare that one early edition of either would make any library notable. Unfortunately Mr. Church never had the opportunity to

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secure any one of the earlier editions of the "Venus and Adonis." Of the thirteen known copies of the eight editions issued before 1623 not one is to be found in America. Robert Hoe has the ninth (1627), Marsden J. Perry has the twelfth (1636), and William Augustus White and H. C. Folger, jr., each have the thirteenth (1675).

Of "Lucrece" Mr. Church was fortunate enough to secure the Locker-Lampson copies of the first edition (1594) and the fifth edition (1616). The library contains also the sixth edition (1624) and the eighth (1655). Mr. Church's copy of the first edition of the "Sonnets" (1609) is doubtless the finest known, having been George Daniel's, and bought at his sale in 1861 by Almon W. Griswold. An earlier owner was Narcissus Luttrell, whose initials and "pretium IS." are on the title page.

The Spenser collection in the Church library is the most complete in this country, including, as it does, the first edition of "The Shepheardes Calender" (1579), the Gott copy, imperfect, but the only one in America.

For the first time (so far as we know) accurate leaf by leaf collations of the first editions of the Waverley novels are given. These books contain an unusual number of half titles, and in almost all bound copies some leaves are lacking. These collations will therefore prove most useful.

The Milton, Lamb, Thackeray, and Lever collections are other notable series described in the present volume.

Correspondence.

SHAKESPEAREAN NOTES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letters that appeared recently in the *Nation*, and those that I have received from correspondents in this country and abroad, prove that there is abundant literary matter on the subject of mediæval trial and execution of animals. Professor Dowden writes that he has somewhere a French book on trials of animals, but cannot at the time lay his hands upon it; and Prof. Byron Rees of Williams College refers me to William Jones's "Credulities Past and Present" (1880). To what I said (see the *Nation* of February 18) of Baring-Gould's "Curiosities of Olden Times" (1896) I might have added that he cites authorities in Latin, French, Spanish, Portuguese, and Italian on this and kindred topics, in his interesting and amusing chapter on "Queer Culprits" (pp. 57-73); illustrating the trial and execution of cocks, assumed to be in league with the devil, for laying eggs from which were hatched *basilisks*, or terrible winged serpents—mentioned six times in Shakespeare ("Winter's Tale," i. 2, 388; "Henry V." v. 2, 17, etc.), and four times as the synonymous *cockatrice* ("Lucrece," 540; "Twelfth Night," iii, 4, 215, etc.); and not unknown in poetical and rhetorical zoology (in Pope, Southey, Carlyle, *et al.*) down to the present day. These old writers also tell us of the ecclesiastical proceedings against snails, flies, mice, ants, caterpillars, etc. Some of the legal questions raised in these trials by Bartholomew de Chasseneux, a noted lawyer of the sixteenth century, and other eminent authorities of those and earlier times, were almost as profoundly ridiculous as certain that are urged to impede the course of justice in our day; as, for instance, whether ants and other insects could be legally cited to appear before the court, and whether, in default of their so doing, the prosecution could lawfully be carried on. Chasseneux satisfied himself that this was in strict accordance with law, adducing sundry examples and precedents. He asserted, indeed, that a priest once excommunicated an orchard, to which children resorted to steal and eat apples when they ought to have been at church, and the penitent trees produced no fruit until the inhibition was removed! The same erudite functionary, in 1510, was appointed by the authorities of Autun to be advocate for the rats when tried for their devastation of the harvests in Burgundy; and when the rodents, after due summons, failed to appear on a fixed day, he pleaded that they had been delayed because the roads were infested with cats, and the trial was adjourned to another date. In 1487, snails were sentenced to excommunication at Mâcon, as caterpillars were in 1585 at Valence; and in the sixteenth century a Spanish bishop ordered all rats and mice to leave his diocese, whereupon they betook themselves to an island which he surrendered to their occupancy. Even as late as the eighteenth century similar proceedings were taken against caterpillars by a grand vicar of Pont-du-Château, in Auvergne.

A case even more curious than that of the condemned apple trees is recorded in Benoît's "Histoire de l'Édit de Nantes." A Protestant chapel at La Rochelle was demolished by church authority in 1685. The bell was whipped for having served the heretics, and was then buried. Later it was disinterred for Catholic use, was catechized, compelled to recant, and promise never again to relapse into sin, after which it was duly baptized and given to the parish of St. Bartholomew.

When hundreds of facts like these had been recorded in print for centuries, it is remarkable that all the editors of Shakespeare appear to have overlooked them, and that Dr. Furness, in his encyclopædic edition of "The Merchant of Venice," could find no note on Gratiano's hanging of the wolf, except the absurdly irrelevant one by Steevens, to which the most accomplished scholar and critic of our day could add nothing but the suggestion that the passage might be an "actor's addition" to the play. He amply makes amends now for this injustice to the dramatist by his extremely interesting letter concerning Count Mümpdelgart (in the *Nation* for March 4), with the quotation from "the honest Jacob's" journal of his master's travels in England.

It is to be noted, however, that the animals there mentioned as being "hung on a gallows as they do wolves" were not tried and executed by hanging, but were killed without judge or jury, and "skinned" before being thus exposed, apparently as a warning to their predatory kindred, or, perhaps, in clownish imitation of the judicial trial and punishment to which domestic animals guilty of similar offences were subjected. So far as I can find, wild beasts were never accorded the right of trial. The only law for them was that of the modern Judge Lynch. If Gratiano's wolf was "hanged for human slaughter," such was the case with him, and Shakespeare gives us no hint to the contrary. I suspect, indeed, that the reference to hanging is purely rhetorical, as all those quoted by Professor Feipel, in the same number of the *Nation*, certainly are. Shakespeare emphasizes the Pythagorean allusion to the wolf by adding what Dr. Furness at first suspected to be an interpolation: Shylock's "currish spirit" was not the "fell soul" of an ordinary wolf, but of one that had been guilty of "human slaughter," such as the Jew meditates, and had been hanged for it, as the Jew deserves to be.

It is quite in Shakespeare's manner to intensify a figurative expression by thus "piling it on," so to speak; as—to take the first example that occurs to me—in "Lear" (iv. 7, 36), where Cordelia, referring to the turning of her father out of doors in the storm, says—not simply, "I would not have treated a dog so!" but—

> Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire!

By the way, all the passages cited by Professor Feipel allude to the dog, and those from Shakespeare illustrate his many contemptuous references to the animal, which have led more than one good critic to assert that the dramatist never has a good word for the dog. An article that I cut from a literary journal ten or more years ago remarks:

> Nearly everybody loves or at least admires a dog; but Shakespeare, if one may judge by his writings, does neither. Dogs are treated by him with contempt; not a word has he to throw to them but words of obloquy and shame. . . . This startling fact is called to mind by Sir Henry Holland's "Recollections of Past Life," when he states that "Lord Nugent, the greatest Shakespearean of the day, affirmed at a dinner that there was not in all Shakespeare's plays a single passage commending, directly or indirectly, the moral qualities of the dog." Thinking this to be impossible, the literary physician accepted a wager which Lord Nugent offered him on the subject, with the concession of a year to make the research. Even with the aid of several friends, he failed to find any such passage; and at the end of the year Sir Henry paid the guinea which he had lost.

The writer adds that no Concordance was then in existence, or the question might have been settled in a quarter of an hour. He himself looks up the word dog, and finds that it "occurs 174 times; hound, 31; greyhound, 13; spaniel, 8; mastiff, 5; cur, 45, and a few others bring the number up to about 300. True enough, they are generally mentioned with contempt, never with commendation."

If Lord Nugent was "the greatest Shakespearean of the day" (who ever heard of him as such?), he should not have needed a concordance to find out that the dramatist loved dogs and has paid them many a tribute. See, for instance, the description of hounds by Theseus in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (iv, i, 108-132), and the talk of the hunters about their dogs in "The Taming of the Shrew" (ind. i, 16-29), both too long for quotation here. In the "Merry Wives" (i, i, 96-104), Page defends his "fallow grayhound" against the criticisms of Slender, and Shallow takes his part. In "Macbeth" (iii, i, 92—101), when the 1st Murderer says, "We are men, my liege," Macbeth replies in substance (I need not quote the ten lines)

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that there are dogs and dogs, as there are men and men, good, bad, and indifferent, but "the valued file"—the list that distinguishes them according to their natural gifts or qualities—gives to each "the particular addition" (title or denomination) he deserves; the "house-keeper" (watch dog), and "hunter" being superior to the "common cry of curs," etc. Launce's praise of his dog Crab—a poor thing but his own—the only brute beast in the plays that fairly might be counted as one of the *dramatis personæ*—could only have been written by a man who loved dogs himself. In all these passages, to say nothing of minor references to dogs in the plays and poems, Shakespeare speaks in a way for himself, as he certainly does *not* in the many contemptuous allusions to them that he puts into the mouths of his characters. It is the Christians in the play, not he, who again and again call Shylock "dog," but it is he, personally in a significant sense, that makes the Jew turn the metaphor against the Christians in "Hath a dog money?" and "Since I am a dog, beware my fangs!"

The vulgar figurative illusions to the dog are often absurd enough—like "as dank as a dog" (to which the Carrier, in "I Henry IV," ii, 1, 9, compares the "peas and beans" in the stable), a simile which has comically bothered some of the critics, who have soberly suggested "bog" and "dock" in place of "dog." Taylor, the Water Poet, in his "Dogge of Wars," with more sense of humor, makes fun of these canine comparisons:

> Many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon Dogges, so that it would make a Dogge laugh to heare and understand them. As I have heard a man say, I am as hot as a Dogge, or as cold as a Dogge, I sweate like a Dogge (when a Dogge never sweates), as drunke as a Dogge, hee swore like a Dogge, and one told a man once, that his Wife was not to be believ'd, for she would lye like a Dogge, etc.

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, June 17.

A LATER BACONIAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. W. S. Booth, in his ingenious book on "Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon," gives a neat illustration of the exact character of these so-called signatures. "It is," he says, "as if a log of wood were found in the way of an express train two miles out of Boston. This might be regarded as an accident. But a similar log found in a corresponding place two miles out of every important station between Boston and New York would, by many observers, be regarded as evidence of intention." In the light of Mr. Booth's own illustration, other observers might ask: "Are these logs really on the track? or are they mere sleepers, part of the roadbed? Is not the real evidence of intention in Mr. Booth's peculiar methods for seeing peculiarities in the normal position of things? If he calls attention to one of these sleepers two miles out of every station, it is surely a harmless amusement, a sort of traveller's whist. Let each sleeper count fifty like the black cat on the doorstep, but remember a log is not really a black cat. Now we can mark and count sleepers with a certain amount of readiness ourselves."

Let us take the most popular poem in the English language, a poem probably written by Thomas Gray, called "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard." There are, it is true, suspicious circumstances about its composition, for Gray kept it in his portfolio many years before sending it to be printed. It is said he was polishing it. On the contrary, there is every evidence in the poem itself that he must have been engaged in inserting a multifarious acrostic. Why should Gray do this? In order to assign the poem to Francisco Bacono, to Francis Bacon, to Fran Bacon, to F. Bacon, to Bacon, or to Nocab. For Gray uses all these acrobatic signatures just as Mr. Booth and Bacon do, and he uses them all in a single significant stanza, a stanza of evident *double atteinte*.

The way to find this stanza is to hunt through the poem for one where the first line begins with F, and the last line begins with N. There are four lines in a stanza, and you may be able to spell Francis Bacon or any of the above mentioned aliases, by starting with the F and reading to the right on the first line, backward to the left on the second, and so on, weaving in and out through the stanza until you land pat on the N. Of course, the chances are that you will complete the name before you reach the N, for it is composed of common letters. But if so, then spell only on terminal letters of words, or else only on initial letters, and you will find that where Bacon or one of his "servants," like Gray, is at work, you can strike that N every time.

As you hunt through the poem for such a stanza, note that five stanzas begin propitiously with capital F's, but that only one of these has the last line beginning with N. The fact is significant. Rivet your attention, then, on this stanza till the full force and hidden meaning of the first and last lines sink in on you:

> For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

The first line looks suspicious. "Dumb Forgetfulness!" and a capital F in the middle of a line! Personification? Personification of Francis, then, you may be sure. The last line is even more suspicious. "Look behind!" Also remark the foot of the page of this old edition we are using. You see a detached "B," a printer's sign, and next to it the word "For," placed there to show what word begins the next page, as in so many old books. But may they not well mean something else here, this B F in capitals? this "B For"? Keep this in mind. Meanwhile observe the stanza itself.

> FoR who, to dumb forgetfulness A prey,
> This pleasing anxious being e'er resigN'd,
> Left the warm preCInctS of the chearful day,
> NOr CAst one longing ling'ring look Behind?

First note how the letters have been RELIEFED, and then: (1) Spelling on all letters from F in For, spell FRANCIS BACON to N in Nor, by taking the next required letter as you read along the first line to the right and backward along the second line to the left, and so on.

Now, I haven't the patience to make a reliefed draft for each of the eleven acrostics in this same stanza, but they follow thus: (2) Start with the F of For, and spelling only on *initial* letters, go to the right, and spell F. BACON to that N in Nor. (3) Similarly spell FRAN BACON, using only terminal letters (the first and last letters), and weaving back and forth through the stanza thrice—thus (if you are painfully stupid and can't see it by yourself), FoR A Nor Being A Chearful One Nor—those are the words where the secret letters lie, in order; that is, where they lie in order to tell the truth. (4) Next see how NOCAB stares at you from the last line alone—Bacon often spelled his name backwards. Of course this is very convenient, but a mere bagatelle to what is coming. (5) What is the most significant phrase in the whole stanza? "Dumb Forgetfulness," without a doubt! Remember that B F which I spoke of, at the foot of the page? Clearly, a signal to the wary; for "dumb Forgetfulness" is the only place in the stanza where B and F come together. Propitious, then, for Bacon might be left to dumb forgetfulness did not the acrostic here speak for him. Start with the B of dumb (significant for being itself a silent letter), and spelling on *terminal* letters, go to the left, and spell BACON to the N of Nor. (6) Start with the B of dumb, and spelling on *terminal* letters, go to the right, and spell BACON to the N of Nor. (7) Start with the F of Forgetfulness, and spelling on *terminal* letters, go to the left, and spell F. BACON to the N of Nor. (8) Start with the F of Forgetfulness, and spelling on *terminal* letters, go to the right, and spell F. BACON to the N of Nor. Note the perfect symmetry of these last four acrostics. (9) Now start with the B of dumb, and spelling on all letters, go to the right, and spell BACONBACON, thus twice over, to the N of Nor. (10) Start with the F of Forgetfulness, and spelling on all letters, go to the right, and spell FRANCIS BACON to the N of Nor. (11) And, finally, start with the F of Forgetfulness, and spelling on all letters, go to the left, and, weaving through the stanza thrice, down and up and down again, spell FRANCISCO BACONO to the O in the key-word Nor.

Other acrostics may be read from the isolated B and F, at the foot of the page, through an intervening stanza, on initial letters of words, to the key-word. On the whole, it seems to be a more multifarious and significant acrostic than any which Mr. Booth has been able to discover in Shakespeare.

For Baconians the question now arises: Did not Bacon really write the famous Elegy?

R. A. Rice.

Cambridge, Mass., June 10.

JACKSON AT THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of May 27, referring to Mrs. Stonewall Jackson's greeting of President Taft as the "harmonizer of all our hearts," you say:

> Next to Lee, no one is more enshrined in the hearts of Southerners than the sturdy general who paraded the Virginia Military Institute Cadets at the hanging of John Brown, and later fought so magnificently from Bull Run until his death, on the field of Chancellorsville, at the age of forty.

By such readers as are accustomed to rely upon the *Nation* for uncolored state-

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ments of fact, it may be inferred that Jackson took the cadets under his charge to the execution of Brown, so that they might have the opportunity of witnessing an instructive and entertaining spectacle.

According to the statement of Prof. R. L. Dabney of Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, the biographer of Jackson, the cadets of the Institute, with their officers, were ordered to Charlestown, the place of execution, to do duty in preventing the rescue of Brown, which was threatened. (Dabney: "Life and Campaigns of Lieut.-Gen. Thomas J. Jackson," pp. 143, 144).

Whether or not apprehensions of the rescue of Brown were justified, it is plain that the presence of Jackson and the cadets, coming from Lexington to a remote part of the State, was in obedience to orders, as Professor Dabney states.

R. L. TULLIS.

Baton Rouge, La., June 14.

[We were quite aware that the Institute Cadets were under orders from the State, and we meant to convey no other impression.—ED. NATION.]

FILLING OUT HISTORICAL RECORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A paragraph in the *Nation* of February 25 called attention to the many gaps in the historical record of our country, especially of its colonization period, owing to the fact that an enormous number of original documents have never been printed. It is perhaps known to comparatively few even of the *Nation's* readers that a movement of no small importance has been lately begun for the express purpose of filling up these "gaps," and as its original impetus came from a quarter whence such inspiration is little looked for, it surely deserves brief mention.

From the time that Dr. Dunbar Rowland, director of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, began his work in 1902, he cherished the hope of bringing the earliest records of the settlement of the Mississippi valley—records known to exist only in the archives of Europe—within the reach of historical students of his State. Having obtained in 1907 from his State Legislature an appropriation to cover the cost of transcribing such Colonial documents as he could find, this gentleman went to Europe at his own expense, investigated the great repositories in England, France, and Spain, and made arrangements for copying a large number of records bearing on the provincial history of his State. This task has since been steadily progressing. At present the series of English transcripts is completed, and includes sixteen large volumes covering the English occupation of West Florida, from 1763 to the conquest of the country by Spain in 1781. From the Paris Ministry of Colonies seven large bound volumes have been received, covering the period of 1678 to 1716, and as many more will be sent later. Of Spanish archives, the department now has thirteen volumes dealing with events beginning with the occupation of West Florida by Spain, and ending with the taking of Pensacola by Andrew Jackson. Five additional volumes will probably complete the series called for.

But these accomplished gains of the Mississippi Department are of far less importance than the results they are likely to bring about. At the meeting of the American Historical Association at Madison, Wis., December 27-31, 1907, Dr. Rowland read a paper on "The Coöperation of State Historical Societies and Departments in the Gathering of Material in Foreign Archives." The discussion of this paper led to the appointment of a committee of seven, charged with the duty of formulating a plan for the work of coöperation suggested, and of reporting it to the next annual meeting of the association. This committee met in Washington, D. C., April 16, 1908. After going over the ground, it decided that the most promising field for coöperative effort was offered by the States of the Mississippi valley, and that the richest return for work would be found in the French archives.

In offering the report of the committee's deliberations to the meeting of the American Historical Association at Richmond, in December, 1908, its chairman (Dr. Rowland) pointed out that at least fifteen States were directly interested in this historical material, a sufficient number to meet with comparative ease the great expense involved in the selection and transcribing of such material.

The recommendations of the committee were, in brief, that the historical agencies of the Mississippi valley should join in a coöperative search of the French archives, that a complete working calendar of all material there relating to the Mississippi basin should be made by a competent man sent by these agencies, this calendar to be printed and published as soon as prepared, and that the necessary money for the preparation and publication of this calendar should be raised by voluntary contributions from historical societies. To these recommendations the association fully agreed, and this important work is to be begun during the present year.

C.

Jackson, Miss., June 15.

WILLIAM SHIRLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As to William Shirley, Governor, and William Shirley, dramatist (differentiated by Mr. Matthews in your issue of May 27), is there any evidence at hand to show which, if either of them was the author of "The Antigonian and Bostonian Beauties; a Poem. Occasioned by seeing the Assembly, at St. John's, Antigua, on Thursday, the 7th of July, and afterwards at Boston, in King-street. By W. S., A.B.," Boston, [1754]?

This rare piece of American poetry has been accredited to one William Shirley, but this statement is undoubtedly a pure surmise on the part of some one making the initials "W. S." stand for that name. The authorship has also been seriously ascribed to the Rev. Charles Chauncy of Boston. But is it fair to suppose a sedate and orthodox New England minister to have written these amorous verses "after seeing the Assembly" of dancers in Antigua and Boston? Perhaps some bibliographer can furnish information on the point.

ALFRED B. PAGE.

Boston, June 17.

Notes.

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 1.

A fifth, corresponding to the eighth French, edition appears of Baedeker's "Northern France" (imported by Scribners), in time for this season's travellers. The country included extends from Belgium and the English Channel to the Loire, with the omission of Paris and its environs, which have a separate volume to themselves.

Since 1866, when Motley finished the concluding volumes of his "United Netherlands," that work with its predecessor, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," has maintained its place as a standard history. We are glad to see that Harper & Bros. have now issued a popular edition of the later work complete in two volumes. The type and paper are excellent.

Those who have not read G. Lowes Dickinson's Ingersoll Lecture "Is Immortality Desirable?" in the May *Atlantic* will be glad to know that it has been issued by Houghton Mifflin Co. in a separate small volume. Like all of Mr. Dickinson's work, this essay has a grace of language and a subtlety of procedure that few other writers to-day, if any, can command. But it cannot be said that the discussion carries one far or is very persuasive. It scarcely needs Mr. Dickinson's art to convince us that immortality is desirable, and to convince us that it is true he has no stronger argument than a plea to await the conclusions of the Society for Psychical Research. A few notes, in which Goethe's and Lorenzo de' Medici's names are both given wrong, are added to the text as it appeared in the magazine.

"Modern Golf," by P. A. Vaile (London: A. & C. Black), is a really original book on a now hackneyed subject. The author has brought a fresh mind and clear eye to the study of the game, and urges something like revolutionary ideas both as to teaching and practice. Many of these commend themselves as presumptively reasonable, though one would like to see them many times down in the black and white of the links before giving implicit assent. The chief innovation of the volume is the application of mechanical principles to the structure and use of clubs and the flight of the ball. Mr. Vaile's insistence that the rotation of a golf ball is as vital to the player as is the cut on a tennis ball, is certainly a fruitful conception, which he follows out with satisfactory demonstrations of the true cause of imperfect strokes and of the glory of successful ones. Even blasé golfers will find his discussions stimulating and often correcting.

"A Book of Hours," by Ellen Thompson (The Forest Press), is a posthumous volume of rambling papers on books, authors, and places. The preface informs us that the discourses here assembled were originally delivered to large audiences in Boston and vicinity, and that they were "one of the instituted charms of culture in the city." The dear-old-Charles Lamb and dear-old-England vein, in which they are written, would seem eminently suitable, we should think, in the clubroom of ladies

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in quest of sweetness and light? There is no apparent reason why those who liked the spoken lectures should not enjoy them in book form.

"The People at Play," by Rollin Lynde Hartt (Houghton, Mifflin Co.), is a fairly comprehensive account of the ways in which men, women, and children of the cities with from ten to twenty-five cents in their pockets amuse themselves. There are treatises on the burlesque, the dime museum, the amusement park, the melodrama, society, the biograph-show, the "Muses in the Back Street," and baseball. The author's copious illustrations, inside the cover and out, portray the humors of popular gayety from the bill-board to the grand-stand. The spirit of the work, Mr. Hartt informs us, is that of the student of comparative ethics. From a first-hand acquaintance with the proletariat he has come to the conclusion that we (the well-washed and educated class) look too superciliously upon the recreations of the poor. When we try to refine their taste we should begin by recognizing its soundness in many essentials. The melodrama, for example, is really the "Ten Commandments in red fire." The residents in the back streets have a liking for color and vigor in the field of art; it is usually a mistake to hang a Botticelli over the kitchen sink. There are a good many suggestive hints of this character thrown out in passing; but on the whole the book does not carry a very deep philosophical keel. Its chief value lies in its record of things which few writers have thought worthy of record. It is, therefore, to be regretted that the author has steadily handled his material with kid gloves. With some apprehension addressing a very polite audience, he has sought to elevate his subject by stiltifying his style. Speaking, for instance, of the possible "passing" of the biograph, he writes, "That eventuality is not unforeseen, especially by our clairvoyant moralists, who storm the Legislature with demands for restrictions upon celluloid liberties." Such Henry Jacobean periphrasis—to parody our author—is ill-calculated to communicate to the higher classes any very intimate or quickening sense of the recreative activities of the lowly.

I. L. Nascher, M.D., certainly knows the Bowery, as it was before the sight-seeing automobile made of it a well-managed side show. Its rum-shops, opium dens, dance halls, and their blasted habitués he can call by names and by history. Nothing that is diseased, repulsive, or criminal in that region has escaped his eye. But not all thorough knowledge is scientific or useful. We see neither fairness nor clear purpose in the sub-title, "a sociological study," with which Dr. Nascher describes his book, "The Wretches of Povertyville" (Chicago: Jos. J. Lanzit). His information is useful only to the police and social workers, all of whom already possess it ten times over. For everybody else it is either revolting or viciously attractive. The "Practical Measures" suggested in the closing chapter are loosely thought out. They suggest a smattering knowledge of criminology blended with a great deal of shrewd but one-sided observation.

"The Third French Republic" (Lippincott) scarcely justifies Frederick Lawton's claim that it represents the result of a long personal experience of French life. Even under the most favorable interpretation the work never rises above ordinary journalistic standards. The author's plan involves more than a review of political history; there are several chapters on literature, science, art, education, and the Mutualist or friendly society movement. In spite of this ambitious scheme the work lacks proportion, and bears evidence of hasty writing and superficial knowledge. Superior to the rest of the book are the chapters which notice various phases of the literary movement in France. But even here Mr. Lawton's criticism is not always trustworthy, nor is his reading wide. M. Muntz is set down as an historian of Tuscany, but no mention is made of his important contributions to the study of Italian art. It is surprising also to find Lavisse's "History of France" criticised as partisan. No one who has seen the book could fail to observe that it is a series of monographs. One would like to know just what portions Mr. Lawton thinks are unsatisfactory, or whether he holds that none of the distinguished writers who contributed to Lavisse has reached his own standards of historic excellence. The chapters on the successive governments and Presidents of the third Republic contain many mistakes of detail. There is, too, a singular inability to appreciate the essential elements in French constitutional development. Little or no attention is given to the genesis, growth, and decline of various French political parties. Even the account of the composition of the French Senate is not correct. In place of reliable information on important questions there are innumerable anecdotes about public men; their epigrammatic sayings are repeated, and the book is burdened with trivial items of personal gossip. In following out his method of lumping together without discrimination, the subordinate and the main details of recent French history, Mr. Lawton manages to cover a great deal of ground, and his book does embody some useful material that might be left unnoticed by a more careful historian. But this way of writing history produces curious and unexpected results. The reader gets an account of the Charity Bazaar fire, but is left in almost complete ignorance of some important factors in the struggle between the state and the church which led up to the Separation Act.

Dr. William Elliot Griffis is a veteran bookmaker, and upon all that relates to Dutch history and institutions is an unquestioned authority. In many of his earlier writings he betrayed a strong Dutch bias, and, since the death of Douglas Campbell, has been the chief exponent of Dutch influence in American history. In his latest work ("The Story of New Netherland," Houghton Mifflin Co.) he is less concerned with the Dutch as the authors of our institutional being, and more with the effort to rescue this worthy people from the grasp of Diedrich Knickerbocker. In this task he has succeeded, and his book has value for old and young alike. He carries the subject beyond 1664, devoting nearly half his book to the later history of the Dutch in America. The defects of the work are patent: excessive stress is everywhere laid on the place of the Dutch in American life; dislike is manifested toward all things British; and ignorance of other phases of colonial history is unfortunately all too evident. To speak of the Navigation Acts as the cause of the Revolution is to ignore facts; to call life in the South before the war a "belated feudalism" is to admit an historical anachronism; to say that the Angles and Saxons were Dutch before they were English is to employ a catch-penny phrase that is meaningless to historian and philologist alike. It is a pity that so good a book is marred by these amateurish touches.

"Toujours perdrix!" exclaimed the French gourmand. "Toujours Touraine!" one is inclined to reply, as book after book on the favorite tourist section of France issues from the press. The latest, "A Summer in Touraine," by Frederic Lees (A. C. McClurg), is one of the most attractive. Mr. Lees is not a pictorial writer, and occasionally he trips up in his syntax, but he tells his story without affectation, and he strikes a fair balance between description and history. Prospective tourists, especially if they be motorists, can learn from him how to reach one château after another, and what to look for, inside and out. Then the past is conjured up, and gives that bowing acquaintance, which seems to be so much coveted with the great barons of medieval France, with royal and other mistresses, and with the modern nobility (or Parisian plutocrats) who own or occupy these historic places. The hundred illustrations are truly admirable, not excepting the dozen colored plates by Maxwell Armfield, which, with their Boutet de Monvel tints, suggest the tone in landscape and sky of the Elysium of the Loire. The book should be a delight to Tourainists on their travels, and a pleasure to dip into afterwards.

The curator of the Musée Carnavalet, *i. e.*, the man who, by profession, ought to know most about historic Paris, is just the guide intelligent tourists were looking for; nor does George Cain disappoint them. In the twenty-six chapters of this book ("Walks in Paris," translated by Alfred Allinson; the Macmillan Co.), all the spots of the city that have any association with heroes of history and romance are passed in review, so that, behind the Haussmanized Paris of to-day, we can evoke the Paris of Philippe Auguste, Charles V, Henri IV, Louis XIV, and Napoleon. The ancient and the modern mingle at will in these chatty pages, all the way from the thirteenth century down to the reign of M. Fallières. Thus one street, the narrow rue Visconti, on the left bank, brings back to memory the duels of the Pré aux Clercs, the meetings of the persecuted Huguenots, the sojourn of Racine, the death of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the brilliant career of the actress Clairon, the unfortunate printing house of Balzac, and the abode of one of the numerous men who attempted to kill Louis-Philippe. All streets are not so rich in historical associations. But be it the Rue de Sèvres with its Abbaye-aux-Bois graced by Mme. Récamier, the mysterious and quiet streets around St. Sulpice, the romantic Place des Vosges, the Boulevard du Temple, the Bastille, or the Place Vendôme, there does not seem to be a commonplace-looking thoroughfare, crossed a hundred times a day by indifferent feet, that may not evoke some dramatic incident of history, or have some association with a man

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of letters. M. Cain knows the Paris of to-day as well as the Paris of former times, and tourists who are accused of seeking in Paris resorts that they would dare visit in their own country will take delight in following their guide in the rue des Innocents and around the rue Maubert and the Halles, where cutthroats and "Apaches" hold their headquarters. The value of the book is enhanced by ten maps and plans of old Paris, and by more than a hundred well-chosen pictures. The translator was obviously interested in his translation and tries to supplement in his notes the information of the text.

Prof. Lawrence H. Mills, the eminent Zend scholar of the University of Oxford, is about to issue, in his seventy-third year, a continuation of the study of the Avesta Yasna, which he began nearly two decades ago in his monumental edition of the Gathas, the earliest portion of the Yasna. This work is now practically in the binder's hands. It will contain not only a reconstructional edition of the Avesta text with copious notes, but also the Pahlavi or Middle Persian commentary (both in the original character and in transliteration) with full translation, the Sanskrit version of Neryosangh newly collated from five manuscripts and translated for the first time, and a Parsi-Persian version already used in part by Professor Mills in his edition of the Gathas. There will also be an appendix containing the accented Sanskrit equivalent of the Avesta text, as well as four photographic plates of Avesta, Pahlavi, and Sanskrit manuscripts, and other illustrative material. The work will maintain the same high standard as that set by the same editor's Gathas, which has long been out of print and of which a reissue is urgently needed. Professor Mills is also continuing his work on the "Dictionary of the Gathic Language," of which 120 pages will soon be issued; and a number of his lectures at Oxford have recently been translated into Italian by a Turin barrister, their appearance in print being promised in the near future.

The Papal Commissione per la Revisione della Volgata has recently published a report of the present status and purposes of their work, the document appearing in several languages, issued by the Tipographia Pontificia dell' Instituto Pio IX. In this official utterance the Catholic savants in charge of the work state explicitly that "the business of the commission is merely to restore the text of Jerome in a critical way, that it is not to prepare a new text, and that the testing of Jerome's text as to its correctness will be left to another commission to be appointed at a later time." The work is to be done in the International St. Anselmo College of the Benedictines on the Aventine in Rome. Of this building the report gives two fine pictures, to which are added a number of other illustrations, chiefly of manuscripts. Fifteen collaborators are at work in different countries examining the Vulgate manuscripts, and a catalogue of all of the European documents on the Jerome version is in preparation. It is estimated that the cost of the work will be about 25,000 francs per annum, and that from eight to ten years will see its completion. The commission believes that the 250,000 francs needed should be readily given by Catholics, and the *primus elenchus contribuentium* is headed by the Holy Father himself with a subscription of 12,000 francs. So far the total subscriptions have been 44,900 francs and the expenses 20,000. The report is unfortunately not free from vexatious errata.

The approaching quater-centennial of Calvin's birth, which is to be celebrated in Geneva on July 10 with academic and ecclesiastical impressiveness, has led the professor of ecclesiastical history at the University of Berne, Dr. Fritz Barth, to a reconsideration of the famous Servetus case. The outcome of these studies, which has just appeared under the title "Calvin und Servet" (A. Francke, Berne), is a pamphlet of more than ordinary interest. It presents minutely the events and transactions which brought about the arrest and trial of the daring free-thinker, who had deserved a better fate than being put to death by the man who should have been his protector. Professor Barth shows conclusively that Calvin sacrificed Servetus for reasons of state. Calvin's own faith in the doctrine of Trinity had openly been called in question by the French theologian Caroli. Melancthon, Capito, and other leaders of German Protestantism had expressed alarm at his free utterances concerning the Nicæan creed. The council of the city of Berne had made protestations on that subject to the Genevese government. It seemed a matter of high political importance that the Calvinistic wing of the Reformed Church should declare in no uncertain sounds its solidarity with the other adherents of organized Protestantism in upholding the one fundamental doctrine in which there was no dividing line between the Protestant and the Catholic Churches. This could be accomplished by making a scapegoat of an indiscreet enthusiast and ardent radical like Servetus. And not for a moment did Calvin shrink from improving this opportunity, even though doing so implied the violation of the most fundamental laws of honorable conduct. This thesis Professor Barth states with great lucidity.

Unaffected and simple in style—reminding one at times of Frenssen's "Peter Moor"—and very sincere and touching in sentiment are the autobiographic records of a trained nurse given in "Dornenpfade der Barmherzigkeit: Aus Schwester Gerda's Tagebuch," edited by Sister Henriette Arendt, a well-known nurse of Berlin, and published at Stuttgart by the Deutsch Verlags-Anstalt. The difference is, however, that while "Peter Moor" may be only realistic fiction, based on fact, these leaves from a nurse's diary were actually written by a young woman, who had no thought of ever printing them. The object in now giving them to the public is merely to warn many from entering on a difficult career, and to arouse those who, directly or indirectly, are responsible for much of the experience of the average overworked and unappreciated nurse. That the book will affect most readers there is little doubt, for it is largely a series of shadow pictures of depressing realism. Nor are the incidents German or local for the most part, but probably such as may happen any day in any large city of the New World. Even the absence of literary touch in parts of the volume, due to the youth of the writer or the conditions of the midnight watch when, beside some dying patient, the notes were jotted down, adds to the force of this tragedy of a humble life.

The "Tagebuch des Grafen P.-L. Röderer," minister and councillor under Napoleon, by Gen. von Pfaff (Berlin: Karl Sigismund), is a work, whose interest is much increased by a compendious introduction and notes from French archives by Maurice Vitrac. Perhaps the chief value of this work is that it brings forth new matter, of a gossipy value, from private diaries.

The "Grundfragen der Homerkritik," by Paul Cauer, which has been brought out in a second edition by S. Hirzel of Leipzig, has been so entirely changed and enlarged that it is practically a new work. It discusses critically all the Homeric problems of the times under the three heads of Textkritik und Sprachwissenschaft, Zur Analyse des Inhalts, and Der Dichter und sein Werk.

Dana Estes, publisher, traveller, and writer of note, died suddenly in Brookline, Mass., on Wednesday of last week, at the age of sixty-nine. He was born in Gorham, Me. In 1859 he went to Boston and entered the book trade. At the outbreak of the civil war Mr. Estes enlisted in the Union army, and served until the second battle of Bull Run, where he was wounded three times. Being disabled for further service, he returned to Boston and reëntered the book business. He was a member of various firms until 1898, when he organized the house of Dana Estes & Co. Only a few months ago Mr. Estes returned from a trip through the African jungle now being traversed by Mr. Roosevelt. He was the first American to penetrate the Nile country to Uganda and the Congo State. He was a member of the Bostonian Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and other societies. He organized the International Copyright Association and was its first secretary.

Prof. Frederick de Martens, formerly professor of international law in the University of St. Petersburg, a permanent member of the Council of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and one of the most distinguished jurists of his day, died on Sunday of this week. Professor de Martens was born in the Russian Baltic provinces in 1845. He studied law at the Universities of St. Petersburg, Vienna, Heidelberg, and Leipzig. He was attached to the person of the chancellor of the Russian Empire, Prince Gortchakoff, for special missions in 1876. The diplomatic congresses which he attended as Russia's representative included important gatherings at Brussels, Paris, The Hague, Geneva, and Vienna. He is known best to the American public, perhaps, through having served as one of the Russian delegates at the peace negotiations between Russia and Japan in this country in 1905. He was also prominent in the public mind here through serving at the peace conferences of The Hague. At the conference of 1899 he was the second Russian plenipotentiary, and he was chosen president of the Second Commission. Since 1874 he had been selected several times by European and American Powers as an international arbitrator. He was president of the Court of Arbitration in Paris in 1899 which considered the differences between Great Britain and Venezuela. He also served as arbitra-

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tor between France and England; England and Holland, and the United States and Mexico. When he died he was a member of the Permanent International Court of Arbitration at The Hague. In 1906 he represented his country at the Geneva Conference for the revision of the Geneva Convention of 1867. He attended the Peace Conference at The Hague in 1907 for the third time. He wrote many books. One, "De Martens on International Law," has been translated into German, French, Spanish, Japanese, Persian, Servian, and other languages. Other works are: "La paix et la guerre," "On Consular Jurisdiction in the East," "Recueil des traités et conventions conclus par la Russie avec les Puissances étrangères," and "Le Conflit entre la Russie et la Chine."

BRÜCKNER'S RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

A Literary History of Russia. By A. Brückner, Professor of Slavonic Languages and Literature in the University of Berlin. Edited by Ellis H. Minns; translated by H. Havelock. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.

This volume is beyond all question the best—and the most unreadable—account of Russian literature accessible in English. Of former attempts, that of Miss Hapgood is a primer, compiled from Russian critical authorities; that of Waliszewski is a light, hasty sketch, clever and superficial; that of Kropotkin, though full of excellent criticism, is rather a panegyric on the liberation movement, as expressed in Russian writers, than a treatment of the national literature in all its aspects. Professor Brückner has a wider acquaintance with his subject, and a more catholic sympathy, than any of his predecessors. His point of view is that of a professional student of literature. Though he does not strive for an impossible freedom from personal bias, his own political views never blind him to the merits of writers who belong to opposite parties.

Unfortunately, this valuable work is clothed in a style that will frighten away any but determined students of literature. In German, though at times he rises to a sombre eloquence, Professor Brückner usually writes in lumbering, involved, often obscure sentences, sometimes marred by Polonisms. To these sentences Mr. Havelock usually adheres with bulldog tenacity, producing a result that is tenfold worse than the original. An English reader can hardly expect a translation from contorted German periods to be light and graceful; he may, however, demand a plain, straightforward, idiomatic rendering that shall not continually distract his attention from the subject of which it treats. Instead of this, Mr. Havelock gives us uncouth diction like the following:

> The most respectable performances still remain those of Tolstóy, Count Alexêy of the name, the youthful playmate of Alexander II, subsequently for many years Master of the Hunt—sport was his ruling passion—grew up from his early youth among impressions, of beautiful scenery in Little Russia, of Art during Italian journeys—with the inevitable visit to Weimar and Goethe, whose majestic language impressed the boy—of literature, a love for and cultivation of which he found among his nearest relatives, into an admirer of Pushkin, and a contemner of modern didactic literature (p. 493). [The misprint of a comma instead of a period after Tolstóy has made a bad matter much worse.]

On the other hand, absolute errors in translation are infrequent. The versions from Russian poets, which have been made by Mr. Minns directly from the Russian, are accurate and simple, though of small literary merit. The index is careless and unsatisfactory.

Of early Russian literature Professor Brückner gives but the briefest sketch (89 out of 545 pages), beginning his fuller treatment with the reign of Catherine the Great. One may regret this choice, and still more his neglect of the remarkable folk-lore of Russia. Most readers would gladly sacrifice many pages of discussion of minor writers of the eighteenth, and even of the nineteenth century, in exchange for an ampler account of the early chronicles, of the apocryphal legends, of the "Tale of the Raid of Igor," and, above all, of the Russian popular ballads. As a Pole, Professor Brückner may be prejudiced against Russian mediæval culture, dominated as it is by Eastern Orthodoxy. Be this as it may, he has acted with his eyes open, deliberately sacrificing the earlier periods in order to give a more adequate account of the origin and development of modern Russian literature. He must be judged by his success in carrying out his own plan, the reasons for which he well states in his opening paragraph:

> The history of Russian literature must claim full attention in a special degree. Not by its age, for it is the youngest of the great literatures; not by its perfection, for it often foregoes æsthetic effects; but certainly by its peculiar character, the high humanity of its content, its naturalness and sincerity, its soaring idealism, the depth and pathos of its effects, and lastly, the significance it claims in the mental life of the nation. To Englishmen or Frenchmen, Germans or Italians, polite literature is only one form for the expression of national feeling and thought: to the intelligent Russian, without a free press, without the liberty of assembly, without the right to free expression of opinion, literature became the last refuge of his freedom of thought, the only means of propagating higher ideas. He expected and demanded of his country's literature not merely æsthetic recreation: he placed it at the service of everything noble and good, of his aspirations, of the enlightening and emancipation of the spirit. Hence the striking partiality, nay unfairness, displayed by the Russians towards the most perfect works of their own literature where they did not answer to the aims or the expectations of their party or their day. A purely æsthetic handling of the subject would not gain it full acceptance.

Accordingly, Professor Brückner adopts primarily the sociological point of view. He makes us understand the great controversy between the Slavophiles and the Westerners, so important for any proper appreciation of the novels of Dostoévsky and Turgénev. He gives an idea, somewhat fragmentary, to be sure, of the radical and materialistic movement of the sixties, and notes the part played in it by different writers. He shows how Ostrovsky's dramas form a protest against the ignorance and brutality of the Russian merchant class, displaying, in Dobrolúbov's phrase, a veritable "kingdom of darkness." He explains how the "poets of pure art," Máikov, Tyutchev, and others, were valued only by a small number of expert judges, while the bitterness and indignation of Nekrásov's verse-pamphlets made him the idol of all young men. In this way the author makes his literary history a running commentary on the social aspirations and speculations of the Russian educated public.

Yet, unlike many Russian critics, Professor Brückner does not allow himself to be dominated by one method of attack. He is careful to give an estimate of the merits of each writer as an artist, and to make us feel at every step that Russian literature is a part of European literature, and follows the same general course of development. He is perhaps at his best in his general criticism of periods or movements, such as this of the romantic poets:

> Whoever, leaving the exotic and mystical blooms of German, French, and English romanticism, approaches the Russian, remains disappointed. The longing for the *fleur bleue*, the fantastic ride into wonderland, allegories heavy with meaning, pantheistic or social dreams, mystical transports, are all essentially alien to Russian literature as to the Russian temperament. Both are by nature very sober, clinging to the clod of reality, and do not roam among the stars. Sound sense—how rich Pushkin was in it!—a mind tinged with skepticism, for the Russian only laughs at German enthusiasm and exaggeration; a very moderate feeling for nature, for only men interest the Russian—his landscapes are much too lacking in variety and charm; a direct aversion for abstractions, for hitherto Russia has produced no noteworthy philosopher, though it has theologians and moralists. Such conditions, I say, are most unfavorable to the flourishing of flowers of romance. How soon Pushkin came to his senses, how few Russian poems there are that move in the flaunting garb of romanticism, with all its lilies and stars! At this day we see that the re-birth of poetry, symbolical, dependent, or philosophical, is in Russia a most difficult matter, and reaps rather cheap ridicule than serious consideration (p. 211).

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Yet here the author, in giving an excellent verdict upon Russian poetry, betrays himself into too broad a generalization upon Russian literature as a whole. His own analysis (pp. 423, 424) of Chernyshévsky's novel (or, to use Brückner's word, his *phantasia*), "What Is to Be Done?" which had more influence than any other one book upon young Russians of the sixties, proves that he realizes that "social dreams" are by no means absent from Russian literature. Indeed, utopian speculation is almost as characteristic of the Russian temperament as is realistic satire. To explain why it has never found expression in Russian poetry is a problem that, though in itself not difficult, has unfortunately not attracted Professor Brückner's attention.

The critic's æsthetic judgments, though not specially individual or penetrating, are nearly always sound and judicious. His general estimate of Pushkin, for example, is the best with which the present writer is acquainted:

> Pushkin founded a school; even in the older writers, who were once his teachers, one sees his influence. It is essentially one of form; not wealth of ideas, but the mastery of "Pushkin's verse," which has become simply an æsthetic definition, is aimed at, mostly to no purpose, by his successors. The indescribable music of verse, its full sensuousness, plasticity, too, with nothing blurred or indistinct, are coupled with genuine and deep feeling, sincere melancholy, and lively whims; if he lacks the passionate glow of love as of hate, yet in his creations he always achieves that balance which he so painfully missed in life. He gives quite the impression of a classical poet, and especially in his later work one forgets his romantic antecedents, and throughout it is the perfection of his form which begets these illusions. It seems to us a natural expression, as if it had been born with the matter or the idea; but behind the apparent ease and absence of effort lurks conscientious, untiring work, polishing and shaping, above all shortening and compressing of the diction, which now drapes the body like a heavy rustling dress of state, now floats about like a loose wrapping (p. 206).

In his opinions on the great Russian novelists Professor Brückner will not always command the assent of Anglo-Saxon readers, brought up in a world of commerce and industry, with its emphasis on the strenuous life. The average American reader of Russian fiction will heartily applaud his praises of Tolstoy's artistic genius; but may demur, whether justly or no need not be argued here, at his description of the great novelist as "physical and moral strength incarnate." Reading further, he will be inclined to vigorous protest when he finds that the critic reserves his most glowing enthusiasm for the diseased, epileptic Dostoévsky. After a comprehensive analysis of that writer's work, he concludes:

> As long as metaphysical questions—questions of good and evil or of the darker side of the human spirit—are raised, so long will Dostoévsky be read. He is one of the few in the world's literature who can never be forgotten: he leaves behind him the profoundest impressions, which can never be effaced, and he stirs the innermost fibres of our spirit. . . . Perhaps there are in the world's literature figures of greater talent, or, rather, more repute; a warmer, more feeling heart there certainly never was. Not in "Faust," but rather in "Crime and Punishment," does the "whole woe of mankind" take hold of us (p. 416).

The critic is right only if sentiment, Chauvinism, and pathological psychology are the sole—or the most essential—materials of a novelist's art.

Of minor defects in Professor Brückner's work nothing need be said here. Professor Veselovsky, in a review of the German edition (*Archiv für Slavische Philologie*, xxviii, 128), has pointed out various errors in matters of fact, none of which will trouble the general reader. The book as a whole may be recommended almost without reserve as the one thorough, comprehensive, and scholarly account of Russian literature in any of the languages of Western Europe.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Planter. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Bros.

There are moments in the reading of this powerful story of the rubber industry in Mexico, when, like the Abolitionists who demanded "free sugar" of their grocers, one is tempted to forswear forever the use of any article made of rubber. No tale of ante-bellum slavery days could disclose greater horrors than this narrative of tropical labor, contemporaneous, we may suppose from its allusions. The worst treated slaves of the darkest South endured no more cruelty than that here shown as visited upon the contract laborers of Mexico.

The masters varied in their ways of meeting the situation. Thus the American Ewing took his wife with him, established a domestic hearth, and treated his riff-raff laborers as well as he could. The Englishman fell into the usages of the country as he found them, and did his small-souled best from that point of view. The Austrian Jew added to the highly available, ready-made bad, something that was still worse, in the shape of devilish inventions of his own. To this group of planter neighbors is added, presently, David Mann, a Maine boy, with Puritan ideals and the aspirations of a reformer. From a narrowly orthodox mother and a successful lumberman father he derives the qualities that make him a good fighter for his own morals and for his people's improvement—a young David against Goliaths of rascal rubber companies at home and barbarities on the plantations. The story leads him through terrible predicaments, though not unaided by friendly sympathy from his American neighbors and from the best Mexican attitude, personified in a charming girl. She shares his longings to secure freedom for his slaves and justice for all his workers, whether jail scourings or captive Indians. The book ends with the beginning of a better day for masters and servants up and down the river.

The spell of the tropics, the feel of the jungle, the pride of the planter, the problems of race, have an eloquent showing. One must accept the Roman in a story of Rome. Otherwise it would be easy to object not only to the luxuriant length of the novel—five hundred and thirty-odd pages—but to excess of tropical epithet and description, and of the tropically explicit. The characters are defined with more than usual force. It is unquestionably a book of great power, stamping in its sharp-bitten impressions with mighty blows.

Marriage à La Mode. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

A book dealing indignantly with the untoward possibilities of American divorce is not what we should have expected from Mrs. Ward. We have so long been accustomed to receive from her some treatment of what might be called the grandinsular theme—the great world of little England—that it is surprising at first thought to find her concerning herself with our relatively trifling affairs. But we are presently reassured by the discovery that the paramount consideration is still the same. She inveighs against American divorce, not as a mere transatlantic monster which the world may behold preying upon the misguided inhabitants of that part of the globe, but as a foe which (thanks to the now prevalent habit of international marriages) threatens the peace and integrity of the British fireside. There is a note of panic, consequently, in her performance. She is afraid: no wonder her voice reaches an unaccustomed pitch; no wonder the horrid instance she cites is a bit strained. The disconcerting thing to the American reader is that she apparently regards her Daphne as in some sense typical of our womankind. Poor Daphne has great wealth, much physical charm, and an immeasurable egoism. Her accomplishments are hollow, her connoisseurship a sham, her manners a game which she is able to play while things go to please her. But she is capable of browbeating a husband, riding roughshod over the sensibilities of a mother-in-law, and, if you please, outbidding a duchess to her face for the possession of a costly knick-knack.

The young Englishman whose fireside she blasts is not unduly idealized by his

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creator. "Roger Barnes's good looks had been from his childhood upward the distinguishing and remarkable feature about him." He has, besides, good blood, good breeding, and good humor to recommend him. He has been reared under the advantages of a seeming-solid English wealth which has unexpectedly vanished, shortly before we begin to hear about him, with the death of his father. His mother, who believes in the divine right of the British elect to inherit the earth, presently dispatches him to America "to make," as he ingenuously puts it, "some friends over here who might be useful to me. . . . In this country there are always openings—things turning up—chances—you can't get at home." He seems really innocent as to the purpose of his mission, and, after some delay, the mother is constrained to put the fact in black and white: he is to marry some rich American. That is his chance, the only chance, indeed, really open to a person of his kind of distinction. He does not like the notion, but he does not loathe it, and when the rich American presents herself, he loses no time in securing her.

After a somewhat prolonged honeymoon abroad, they wing homeward at last to the ancestral domain of the Barneses, or, rather, of the Trescoes, for "Heston Park" has belonged to the family of Lady Barnes. There Daphne, by virtue of her wealth and habit of power, at once takes command. She makes matters very disagreeable for her sufficiently disagreeable mother-in-law, her husband, and various friends of theirs —especially a former and unconfessed flame of the handsome Roger. This person is a siren of vulgar motive, but always mindful of the laws of her caste: it is Daphne who makes herself out a bounder, or its feminine equivalent. Hence the divorce, and the ensuing calamities.

The story has its striking episodes: the opening scene at Mount Vernon, the closing scene on the Isle of Wight. As a whole, it lacks poise and dignity. It is not quite amiable, its note of perturbation, of grievance, is too plainly audible. In Gen. Hobson, Roger's uncle, Mrs. Ward holds up the irascible Britisher for our amusement, and the Admirable Crichton of the story is an American officer. Nevertheless, the picture as a whole falls short of good humor. We must hope that the Canadian story, which is promised as the second fruit of her recent journey westward, will inspire in Mrs. Ward a gentler and juster strain of interpretation.

A Year Out of Life. By Mary E. Waller. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

From the author of "The Wood-Carver of 'Lympus" one looks, and not in vain, for originality of plan and grace of manner; for a deep-reaching insight equally into the constancies and vagaries of human nature, which makes at times for vagueness; and for a steadfast faith in the beneficence of the "something not ourselves." In portraying the encounter of girl-nature with man-nature, of emotional fastidiousness with the unconscious involuntary passion for converting experience into success, the author plays on so many strings that the reader is left pondering over the indeterminateness—not of the story, for that ends conclusively—but of the ways and motives of life itself.

An American girl living in Germany enters into correspondence with a German novel-writer in relation to making translations of his books. She falls greatly in love with his letters, and somewhat less in love with the man himself later on. Naturally, she does not at once discriminate between the two sentiments. He, on the other hand, is compact of German sentiment and German practicality, and contrives to be fascinating, insistent, brusque, tender, and cruel, each at the moment best calculated to torment a girl's feelings. There is no tragedy, but there is a palpable ache. Your true novel-lover will almost regret the triumph of wisdom over sentiment as he reads on, fancying that he is about to slide along the well-worn ways of "The First Violin" into a cheerful international alliance.

The Origins of the British Colonial System, 1578-1660. By George Louis Beer. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3 net.

In 1893, Mr. Beer, then of Columbia University, published as his doctor's thesis an essay of one hundred and fifty pages on the commercial policy of England toward the American colonies. This essay, though brief and in many ways inadequate, was then and is now the only study in existence of this important phase of colonial history, if we leave out of account such works as Macpherson's "Annals of Commerce." Aware of the incompleteness of his former treatment, Mr. Beer has now returned to the subject, and after spending two years among the documents in English archives has begun the issue of a series of volumes dealing with the period from 1578 to 1765. The first volume, really the last of the series, since it concerns British policy from 1754 to 1765, appeared in 1907, and now the second volume, which is really the first, treating the origins of British policy, is before us.

In method Mr. Beer's work leaves little to be desired. His research has been exhaustive, his point of view is that of the scientific historian, his grasp of the larger aspects of world-history is firm and comprehensive. He sees the colonies as factors in the growth and expansion of the British empire, and he approaches them from the standpoint of the past. He makes it clear that the origins of British colonial policy are to be sought in the customs and practices of mediæval life, and that it was a composite of principles and methods that were partly feudal and partly commercial—representative of the fief, the staple, and the monopolistic trading company. In forming her policy England invented nothing new. She took from what she had and applied the old ideas to new conditions. She was obliged to face the competition of other growing monarchies in the seventeenth century, and viewed her colonies as aids to that end. She kept them entirely within her control, since it would have been contrary to her interest to permit her strength to be weakened by the emigration of men who would set up communities of their own and trade with whomsoever they pleased. England had no surplus population; she promoted the founding of colonies in order to obtain products which could not be supplied at home and for which she had been obliged to pay foreign and competing countries in coin. The decay of foreign trade made it necessary to find new sources of supply under the flag. To have allowed these supplies to be diverted to other countries would have aided her rivals and defeated her purpose in encouraging colonial settlement.

From 1578 to 1660 the English government was engaged in defining her attitude toward colonial trade. England endeavored to restrict this trade to herself, to exclude foreigners from any commercial relations with her possessions, and to confine the carrying trade to British and colonial vessels. That the colonies might supply her with everything that she needed, she sought to induce them to produce those staples that she could not raise at home—spices, corn, wine, silk, cotton, salt, flax, hemp, indigo, wood, madder, pitch, tar, turpentine, and the like; and the persistent refusal of the colonists to do so is one of the most striking features of our early history. The southern colonies at first would raise nothing but tobacco, while the northern colonies spent no time on silk and spices, and little time on naval stores. In truth, as Mr. Beer most admirably shows, it was tobacco that shaped England's policy before 1640. There was something grimly ironical in this fact, since tobacco was deemed by the Englishman of that day an obnoxious weed, and colonies "built wholly on smoke" were as little desired then as would be colonies today whose output was only opium.

Mr. Beer also proves that all the chief features of the later navigation acts were in full operation under the early Stuarts, although not embodied in statutory form. This conclusion has never been demonstrated before, and is the most important contribution made in

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this volume. He further shows that the policy of restriction was accompanied by a policy of colonial favoritism, in that the production of tobacco was forbidden in England, and the importation of the tobacco of Spanish America was limited by means of a heavier customs duty than that on the tobacco from Virginia and Maryland. It was manifestly to England's interest to do all that she could to encourage the colonies and to build up their trade. If the colonies were restricted to the English market, they at least enjoyed a monopoly of that market, and so were assured an opportunity to sell their staple products. These were the main purposes that England set before herself in shaping her relations with the colonies, and these purposes underwent few changes in later years. Unfortunately, this policy took no account of the possible development of the colonies in the direction of greater independence in their economic needs and interests.

Mr. Beer's style lacks grace and charm of presentation, and his treatment is rendered heavy by excessive detail and by a lack of clearness of exposition. His book would have been more readable if he had introduced more summaries and generalizations to show the bearing of his facts and statistics. He has, however, performed a very important work, and future volumes will be awaited with interest.

The Empire of the East: A Simple Account of Japan as It Was, Is, and Will Be. With nineteen illustrations. By H. B. Montgomery. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.50 net.

Drugging a Nation: The Story of China and the Opium Curse. By Samuel Merwin. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1 net.

Sidelights on Chinese Life. By the Rev. J. MacGowan. With twelve illustrations in color, by Montague Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.75 net.

Letters from China. With particular reference to the Empress Dowager and the Women of China. By Sarah P. Conger. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co. $2.75 net.

The present crop of books on Japan falls far short of the average of other years, but this, Mr. Montgomery seems to think, is of advantage in understanding the country and people. Too many hasty visitors and perfunctory penmen have looked only on the outside. He has set out to tell the story from the inside, giving little attention to politics or statistics. He deals rather with ethics, art, religion, the Constitution, the home life of the people, the army and navy, and the financial position of the country, with glances at literature and the drama. We miss, however, the firmness of touch and accuracy of perspective belonging to the long resident. He persists in calling the Ainu "Ainos," thus perpetrating a double solecism. The Japanese term of contempt, "Aino," suggests semi-bestial origins, and to give an English plural to a Japanese word is undesirable. Furthermore, his subjective notions about the sure outcome of the native and foreign scholarship of the last decade or two darken rather than illuminate the subject. He shows very clearly that he has not mastered the results of the archæology and philology of Munro or Batchelor. The general style of the work is commonplace, and it cannot be said that Mr. Montgomery has added greatly to our knowledge of the people or country. Nevertheless, we have here the clear impressions of a keen observer and straightforward narrator, and the text shows warmth of heart and an honest sympathy with an aspiring people. The illustrations, both in taste and execution, are unusually fine, being, as a rule, by native artists, or copied from ther prints. The concluding two chapters make a bold, if not rash, forecast of the future. He thinks "the world is destined to see a nation, not only morally, but mentally, great." The coming Japan will have "a pronounced, a well-defined character, and an intellectual greatness superior to that of ancient Greece and Rome, because restrained and illumined by the predominance and potency of moral characteristics which those great nations did not possess."

An unusually frank statement of facts, made after a searching investigation into both the literature of the subject and actual conditions in China, may be found in the book of Mr. Merwin, a journalist who went to China to study the subject of opium in all its relations to the human consumer. His pages furnish vivid pictures of the steady deterioration of Chinese physique and British morality. He gives all the information needed to show that the Chinese are sincere in their desire to get rid of what they believe to be a curse. The recent negative results, if not positive failure, of the international opium conference furnish a startling commentary upon the author's predictions. He discriminates between the aroused moral sentiments of Great Britain's people, and the diplomatic adroitness of budget-makers in London. "The British government is yielding to a tremendous popular clamor at home, but nothing more."

If the Rev. J. MacGowan be kin or descendant of the Rev. Dr. David J. MacGowan, who, a generation ago, furnished us with so many delightful titbits of information concerning nature and life in China, then this author has come well into his inheritance. He has drawn lively pictures of the Chinese way of thinking, working, dressing, eating, and playing. Evidently, it is the average man, rather than the scholar, whom he describes as having a turbid mind, as given over to oblique methods, having no love of truth in the abstract, and as being in general a bundle of contradictions. Nevertheless, all alien judgments must be taken with generous reservation. Throughout, the tone of criticism, verging at times on the cynical, prevails over the sympathetic and truly interpretative. The author spares no realism in his description of Chinese houses and city streets, and in his judgments of the wife, who, "after a few weeks of married life, loses the trim, neat appearance she had as a young girl. She drops naturally into the slattern ways of the women who are her neighbors." In spite of the absence of soap and bathtubs, the Chinese are a laughter-loving race, fond of jokes, and too gay to grieve over poverty. His chapter on Shady Professions in Chinese Life is decidedly amusing. He describes the story-teller, popularly called the Narrator of Ancient Things, who is the historian of the common people, supplying the place of books and libraries. The story-teller is also responsible for firing the blood and heating the passions of the mob, by picturing the great deeds of the past. Another chapter, on the Seamy Side of Chinese Life, furnishes the clearest argument we have yet seen against the use of opium. He shows that there is no such thing as temperance in opium, as there is in the use of intoxicating liquors, for after six months of indulgence, the devotee can no longer call his life his own. He cannot let a single day pass without taking the amount of opium smoke necessary to relieve his agony of oppression. There are a dozen handsome illustrations in color, rich and striking, but there is no index.

Not least in the literature relating to the Far East is the contribution of women in recent years. Fully as valuable as Mrs. Fraser's "Letters from Japan" are Mrs. Conger's "Letters from China." They take us into the Chinese court, showing how Manchu and Chinese ladies of high rank think and feel. Mrs. Conger not only enjoyed many a private conversation with the Empress Dowager and secured the painting of her picture by Miss Carl, but she also had the Manchu princesses and Chinese ladies of rank in her home and at her table as unhurried guests. Rigidly observing Chinese etiquette in all its imperative forms, she was all the more able to win concessions along lines where advance was possible. Once out of their bigotry and reserve, these genuine daughters of Eve showed a real and a winsome humanity. One feels that, judged by her own standards of light and knowledge, the late Empress Dowager was another Queen Elizabeth in her devotion to what she believed to

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be the good of her people. Certainly, the vulgar notions and most foreign representations of this forceful woman are caricatures. Mrs. Conger arrived in Peking in 1898, and remained seven years. Her narrative of the Boxer outbreak and of life within the legation grounds during the siege is clear and vigorous; her richly illustrated and well-indexed book is vivid and fascinating, and as a whole is likely to hold its own as a permanent contribution to our knowledge, not only of China, but of the less known half of it, the Chinese woman.

England and the English from the American Point of View. By Price Collier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

It would be rather hard to write on such a topic as Mr. Collier's out of reasonably full knowledge, and be uninteresting—unless, indeed, one should attempt thoroughness and get too painstaking, or else dip too deeply into philosophy. Mr. Collier evidently knows his England pretty well, and he has not tried either to be encyclopædic or to produce a rival to Emerson's "English Traits." He is, moreover, decidedly contemporaneous. His historical excursions are too brief, and too superficial, to affect the quality of his book. The England he discusses is the England one will find if one goes across this summer. Most Americans should therefore find the book rather readable—and not less so because it has no particular distinction or profundity.

To Mr. Collier's general view of the state and prospects of English civilization the German terror gives considerable interest. The military and naval situation is one of the things he does not treat. But on the broad question of England's rivalry and competition with other modern nations he does give his opinion, and so pointedly that it commands more attention than anything else in the book. This, for instance, is rather strong language:

> Personally, I believe we stand at the parting of the ways, and that the student of England and the English is looking on to-day at the first indications of the decay of, in many respects, the greatest Empire the world has ever seen. The sun that never sets is setting. Nothing but a tremendous, almost miraculous, wrench can turn our stout, red-cheeked, honest, sport-loving John Bull away from his habits of centuries, to compete with his virile body against the nervous intelligence of a scientific age. . . . Though one may praise, and praise honestly, the game he has played, and the manly way, upon the whole, he has played it, this need not interfere in the least with the conviction that he is being caught up with—which means, of course, ere long left behind—in the far more scientific game that Germany, Japan, and America are playing.

Mr. Collier probably does not believe, as one might infer he does, that the English have nothing but stout bodies to oppose to the intelligence of other peoples. Here, as throughout the book, his phrasing is far from happy, and he indulges in great looseness of expression. In a whole chapter given over to the query, "Are the English dull?" he finds it at least debatable. His theory would seem to be, not precisely that the English are falling behind from sheer lack of intelligence, but that their pronounced racial characteristics and tendencies, which have enabled them to hold their own so well in past competitions, do not meet the demands of the competition they are facing to-day. It is hardly a new reflection; but we do not remember to have seen it advanced by any other writer quite so confidently as by this one.

It is not, however, the main contention of the book. In fact, there is no main contention. It is merely observation and criticism, various in tone and topic, but bringing out rather clearly an impression of England and the English as a whole, a mass. There is less of gossip and anecdote than one expects. The specific instance is usually lacking, and there is much carelessness in statement. But we think the general impression would probably strike the average American who has been to England as fairly correct. Particular observations would also commend themselves—as that England is decidedly a man's country, the women distinctly subordinating themselves to their husbands and fathers and brothers, and demanding for themselves far less than their American sisters; that it is also a land of tips, the usage prevailing in far higher walks of life than with us; that the men in England, so far from being as a rule morose and surly in their intercourse with one another, are rather more cheerful and boyish than Americans; that the reading habit is less common and widespread than on this side, although the scholar class may surpass ours in thoroughness; and that the density of the lowest-class English exceeds any conception the untravelled American can possibly have of it.

The Philosophy of Long Life. By Jean Finot. Translated from the French by Harry Roberts. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

The French people, no less than their dashing journalist who gives us this book, evidently agree with H. G. Wells that self-deception is the anæsthetic of life. They have bought out fourteen editions of "The Philosophy of Long Life," and their reviewers have lauded it profusely as a death-bed consolation. M. Finot is the smiling philosopher who has dispelled the terrors of old age and dissolution by invoking against them the "rigorous" teachings of modern science. It shatters one's inherited faith in French astuteness to discover that the chapters thus extolled are, in reality, neither philosophical nor scientific nor yet brighteners of life.

M. Finot first shows that some people live longer than others; that temperance and out-of-door life better one's chances of filling out a century; and that public hygiene, assisted by medical research, is slowly lengthening the average span. His proofs are a strange jumble of newspaper clippings, old wives' tales, and even less trustworthy legends. Roger Bacon's nonacentenarian and Niemens of Cugua, the 370-year-old Bengalese, are cited along with the longevity cases from contemporary insurance records. The tales of extreme age among our Southern negroes are accepted as confidingly as Metchnikoff's masterly studies. And, at the end, we are left with nothing richer than the oft-repeated hope of the Pasteur Institute, that old age *may* prove to be a disease whose onslaught can be postponed.

Turning to the mystery of death, M. Finot puts a guess in the place of every wanting fact. His attempt to take away its imaginary sting results in a grotesque play upon Claude Bernard's hackneyed thought that life is death and death life:

> The laugh which makes our faces beam, the thought which wrinkles our forehead . . . are always accompanied by a death of the cells.

On the other hand, death is the beginning of a new life:

> The body still lives under ground. Its life, though of a different nature, does not cease to be life in the biological sense. . . . Putrefaction is a modification of the molecular balance of a substance.

And this decomposing matter itself is animate; has not "the new physics," with its evolution of atoms, proved Hylozoism?

In short, M. Finot glosses over the difference between the two states by dwelling on their chemical resemblances and by pretending that the wearing out of a living cell (catabolism) is identical with the suspension of the cell's function (death). His "gospel of love and kindness" finds its deepest solace in the joy of the worms over man's last discomfiture. A more hideous caricature of optimism was never drawn. Its alleged popularity is only fresh evidence of the blight cast by pseudo-science on many minds.

Science.

Artificial and Natural Flight. By Sir Hiram Maxim. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

Sir Hiram Maxim is one of the most distinguished of the more recent pioneers in aviation. Like Ader, Kress, and Langley, he failed to produce the first

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really practical flying machine because he undertook too much at once, *i. e.*, to build a full fledged dynamic flyer, carrying a man, before he thoroughly knew how it was to be managed and to preserve its balance in the turmoils of the wind. He did, however, greatly advance the art and furnished important data to others. He now gives a résumé of his work in this little book of 165 pages, so that a more accurate title would be: "My Experiments in Artificial Flight." Sir Hiram is a very ingenious and able engineer, intensely practical and scornful of theories. The reader will frequently be amused with his flings at the mathematicians who undertake to solve the problem of flight by formulæ based upon insufficient data. He believes in experiment and observation and gives some interesting remarks upon air currents and the flight of sailing birds as well as kites, and also a chapter on balloons, the day of which he believes to be past.

Sir Hiram began his principal experiments in 1889. He first ascertained the efficiency of aeroplanes, screws, condensers, etc., and the resistance of various shapes attached to a rotating arm or "whirling table," and then built from his own designs a very large aeroplane flyer, weighing some 8,000 pounds, with 4,000 or more square feet of sustaining surfaces, carrying three men and equipped with driving screws, condenser, and a compound steam engine (363 horse-power) of marvellous lightness. This was tested many times in captive flight to ascertain its general behavior. It finally burst through its retaining track, entering upon free flight for a few hundred feet, but proving so unstable in the wind that it soon fell and was broken on alighting. It has not been rebuilt, for various reasons, but we hope Sir Hiram will find leisure to carry out the suggestions which he offers in his chapter, "Hints as to the Building of Flying Machines."

The greater part of the book appears to have been written early in 1908, for doubts are expressed as to the reported performances of the Wright brothers, while credence is given them in the appendix. Mr. Maxim holds that all machines that have met with any success have been made on the same general lines, which do not differ greatly from those of the large machine which he made at Baldwyn's Park many years ago.

Dr. A. T. Schofield, who has already written at length on functional nerve diseases, seeks in "Nervousness," a little book of eighty pages (Moffat, Yard & Co.), to encourage the moral treatment of such troubles. He aims apparently at the layman, although many physicians might well heed the lesson. The doctrine of the subconscious mind and that the troubles of the neurasthenic or the neuromimetic are by no means imaginary diseases, although due to the imagination, is the basis of his argument. In the matter of treatment Dr. Schofield holds that some form of suggestion acting on the unconscious mind is the true therapy, drugs being commonly of little or no value. For hypnotism in this connection he has only condemnation. The personality of the physician seems to him the important thing and he looks favorably upon the "Emmanuel Movement." Little is said of diagnosis, already elsewhere fully treated by him, but somewhat more emphasis might well be laid on the importance of carefully determining that the disease really is functional, a work which cannot be undertaken by a layman, however good his intentions. The fact that quacks—not the blatant quacks that seek to persuade people to be ill, but well meaning, even pious quacks—are successful practitioners of medicine seems to escape the author's attention. And what of the possibility that an unconscious mind may act on another unconscious mind in a beneficial manner?

From Neustadt comes the report of the death of Dr. Georg von Neumayer, at the age of eighty-two. As early as 1857 he came to the conclusion that Melbourne was the best place for physical observation, and established a station there which was afterward taken over by the British government. In 1864 he returned to Germany, and in 1872 was made head of the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty. Among his publications are: "Magnetical, Meteorological, and Nautical Observations," "Discussion of Magnetic and Meteorological Observations Made in Melbourne, 1857-64," "Anleitung zu wissenschaftlichen Beobachtungen auf Reisen," and "Die Beobachtungen der deutschen Stationen im System der internationalen Polarforschung."

Drama.

The Bancrofts: Recollections of Sixty Years. By M. and S. Bancroft. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

These reminiscences of Squire Bancroft and his wife, Marie Wilton, although, like most theatrical autobiographies, they contain much that is superfluous and trivial, and bear the familiar marks of that naïve egoism which seems to be the inevitable consequence of life before the footlights, make pleasant reading, and really constitute a valuable record. Few stage performers of modern times have had more reputable or more successful careers; few have contributed more to the honor of their profession; few have more thoroughly deserved the rewards which fortune showered upon them. Unendowed with the supreme gift of genius, both fought their way to the front rank by dint of hard work, aided by sound natural intelligence, and, when once united in matrimony and management, they faithfully strove together for the best artistic results.

Marie Wilton's earliest experience was in the legitimate. She was Fleance to the Macbeth of Macready. Later she played Arthur to the Constance of Miss Glyn, a pupil of Charles Kemble and a tragic actress of rare intuition and power. After that she drifted into the company of the Bristol Theatre, then famous under the rule of Chute, a capable man and exacting teacher. Kate and Ellen Terry, Madge Robertson, Henrietta Hodson, Charles Coghlan, and many another notable performer were graduates of his school. Soon she made so marked a hit as the boy in "Belphegor" that Charles Dillon took her to London, where she at once attracted attention, especially as Perdita in a burlesque of "The Winter's Tale" by William Brough. Her next triumph was as a boy in one of Byron's extravaganzas, and so she reached the Strand Theatre, of which she was one of the leading attractions in boys' parts for years. Dickens, no mean judge, was almost extravagant in her praise. But she never got more than $45 a week in those days, public favorite as she was.

As for Bancroft, he too learned his trade in a severe apprenticeship in the provinces. In four years he played 350 parts, of every imaginable description. Much of his experience was gained in Birmingham, Dublin, and Liverpool, and it was in the last named city that he first met Marie Wilton, who induced him to go to London. There he soon became a member of the company which his future wife and H. J. Byron organized for the now famous experiment with the despised old Queen's Theatre, then contemptuously called the dust-hole. Marie Wilton's capital was $5,000, of which only $750 remained when the dilapidated structure had been transformed into the dainty Prince of Wales's Theatre. It is unnecessary now to rehearse the details of that famous campaign, of which the whole world knows the history. But it is worth while to glance at some of the results. Doubtless the Bancrofts owed much to Tom Robertson's plays, which—whatever their defects, according to some of the canons of latter-day criticism—unquestionably opened up what was at that time a new and rich dramatic field. But it must not be forgotten that they gave Robertson his chance and backed him with all the resources of a most liberal and enlightened policy. Illustrious French critics admitted that their representations were worthy of the best Parisian stage. They did actually found a new school, and wrought something like a revolution in the degenerate early Victorian Theatre. The public appreciation of their work was instant and permanent, and their profits, for that period, were enormous. But from the first they shared their prosperity with their company. To meet their increasing expenses they

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were obliged to raise the prices of admission. They were the first managers in London to charge $2.50 for an orchestra stall.

The value of their system, that of the ideal stock company, was manifested in the most striking way, when the Robertson series of comedies was at last exhausted. A common criticism was that they could excel only in "teacup and saucer comedy," but one of their most brilliant successes was in "The School for Scandal," and from this they proceeded, in due course, with equally good results, to "The Rivals," "Money," "Diplomacy"—in which Marie Wilton, the former burlesquer, proved herself fully equal to the difficult part of Zicka, and many other memorable achievements.

They were able to return to dignified ease after twenty years of almost unprecedented prosperity. They abandoned management, Mr. Bancroft says, simply because they saw that it would be impossible to keep their company up to its high level in the face of the commercial competition of the star and syndicate system. Undoubtedly Mr. Bancroft was a manager of extraordinary capacity and astuteness. It was he who suggested to Harry Irving, in the Bateman days, that a policy similar to that which he had observed at the Prince of Wales's would pay at the Lyceum. But, he adds, "spending is one thing and waste another."

In this rapid sketch many interesting incidents in the notable careers of Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, as they are now known, have been necessarily omitted. They are worthy pillars of the modern stage, and their book is full of interesting and often pregnant matter.

We regret to report the death at Llandridnod Wells, Wales, of the well-known dramatic author, St. John Hankin. Mr. Hankin was born in 1869. His first literary work was done for the *Saturday Review*. Since then he has written largely for the *Times* and *Punch*. His publications are as follows: "Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels" (1901), "The Two Mr. Wetherbys" (1902), "Lost Masterpieces" (1904), "The Return of the Prodigal" (1905), "The Charity That Began at Home" (1906), "The Cassilis Engagement" (1907), and translation of "Les Trois Filles de M. Dupont," by Brieux, for presentation before the Stage Society, 1905.

Art.

The most interesting thing in the June Burlington is the frontispiece—a photogravure reproduction of a portrait of a lady, supposed to be Margaret Wyatt, Lady Lee, attributed to Holbein. The only reason for doubt in the attribution seems to be an "unusual redness of tone," which is, of course, invisible in the reproduction. Perhaps the drawing of the arms and hands is a little below Holbein's best standard, but the perfection of spacing within the frame, the beautiful arrangement of dark and light masses, the delicate and masterly drawing of the head, and its subtlety of modelling are surely above the attainments of any contemporary. One has only to look at the other illustrations of the article on "Some Portraits of Tudor Times" to see the gulf which separates their authors from a great painter like Holbein. As the editor remarks in a foot-note:

> If we do not accept the attribution to Holbein, we must apparently presume the existence of some other remarkable master, of whom no precisely similar example is known.

It is easier to believe that Holbein, for once, painted in an unusually red tone than that some other, and quite unknown, master was capable of this exquisite work. Other interesting illustrations are of a dignified portrait of an elderly lady (Comtesse de Verrue?) supposed to be an early work of Watteau, and of two pictures by Wilson Steer which, together with a third by the same artist, have been given by Mrs. Lionel Phillips to Johannesburg as the foundation of an art gallery for that city. As well as one may judge by black-and-white translations, the pictures go some way toward justifying the profuse, not to say extravagant, praise of the writer of the accompanying article. The landscape, Corfe Castle, shows the same mingling of the influences of Constable and Monet which marks the example recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum, but has a fine sweep of line and a largeness of composition; the figure piece, The Balcony, looks not unworthy of comparison with our own Tarbell's treatment of similar subjects of *genre*.

George P. Bankart, "architect and craftsman," as he denominates himself on the title-page of his work on "The Art of the Plasterer" (imported by Scribners), has vindicated his right to this designation by the skill, taste, and erudition displayed in this handsome book. He has furthermore rendered a real service to architects and decorators on both sides of the ocean by setting before them, through actual examples, the possibilities of a beautiful, but sadly neglected, form of decorative art. While chiefly concerned with English examples, which he illustrates and describes in surprising number and variety, the author has given a concise but admirably handled sketch of the history of decoration in stucco and plaster, particularly of the ancient Roman and the renaissance Italian developments of the art; and the treatment of British plaster work, from the middle ages down to the present time, is also historical in arrangement. But while Mr. Bankart displays the fruits of wide and careful historical research, he writes throughout in the spirit of the artist and craftsman, and with intimate knowledge of the works he describes. The technical side of the subject is not ignored, but it is not obtruded, and might well have received somewhat more prominence. The illustrations are numerous and of a remarkably high average quality, mostly photographic, but with a sufficient number of plans, sections, and details interspersed. American architects and decorators would do well to make the acquaintance of this book. There is no reason why the art it treats of should not be revived in our own modern work. It should be, moreover, interesting to study what examples remain of our own eighteenth-century plaster work before it wholly disappears. There is a good index.

From A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago comes an anonymous essay of fifty pages called "What Is a Picture?" followed by twelve pages of art aphorisms, which turn out to be a collection of what the author considers the most pregnant sentences of the essay, divorced from their context, and rearranged in a new disorder. There is nothing in the aphorisms or in the essay that needed to be printed.

A. M. Robertson of San Francisco publishes a thin volume of letters and notes on painting by Arthur Atkins, a young artist, who died in 1899 at the age of twenty-six. The little book also contains a portrait and half a dozen reproductions of landscape sketches in a vein apparently reminiscent of Whistler. The work is a memorial of friendship, and one can believe that the subject was a man of promise, but there is little in picture or text to appeal to a wide public.

The necessity for more stringent laws for the protection against theft of Italian works of art exposed in public places is made evident by the report of a Parliamentary committee which has just published a list of generally successful robberies made during the past five years in Tuscany alone. This list includes no less than fifty-five towns, reporting from one to twelve cases. Churches, especially their exteriors, and street shrines seem most to invite aggression. While paintings, bronzes, church silver, and marble bas-reliefs have had their attractions, Della Robbias and other terracottas most frequently tempt these purveyors to collectors. In one instance a modern copy was substituted for the original marble bas-relief.

The death is announced of Eugène Bourgeois, the French decorative artist. He is well known for his work on the Orléans and Invalides stations in Paris, and also for small pictures of scenes in Normandy and Brittany.

Edward John Gregory, R.A., president of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors, died at Great Marlow, Eng., June 22. He was born in 1850, and learned his art at the South Kensington Museum. "Boulter's Lock" at Maidenhead on the Thames was the most popular of his paintings.

Finance.

THE REPORT ON THE EXCHANGES.

The wisdom of Gov. Hughes, in referring to a committee of private citizens the question of reform legislation for financial and commercial exchanges in this State, is as fully vindicated in the result as was his similar expedient regarding reform of the trust-company laws.

The popular indictment, out of which rose the investigation of the exchanges, was partly based on close and intimate

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knowledge of Stock Exchange procedure; partly, on complete ignorance of the mechanism of exchanges. It is quite certain that a good part of the complaint against the Stock Exchange, in particular, was a complaint against speculation itself. The evils of speculation by the ignorant and credulous portion of the community were manifest. It was on the Stock Exchange that this speculation was principally carried out. Therefore, let the Stock Exchange be regulated so as to put an end to speculation. Along with this more or less vague demand came a very different criticism, based on assertions that part of the actual daily transactions on the Stock Exchange, whereby volume of business is determined and movement of prices regulated, was in reality a collusive and deceptive business, in which the same people, acting indirectly both as buyers and sellers, were using the Exchange to mislead its legitimate investment customers.

With the first of these demands the White committee deals effectively and conclusively. It does not deny that ignorant speculation is an evil. Even as to outsiders with capital, experience, and knowledge of business conditions, the committee states, as a result of its long and thorough hearings, that on the average, with commissions and interest charges always running against them, and with good luck and bad luck necessarily alternating, speculation on borrowed money pretty surely ends in "forcing them out of the Street." As to the inexperienced speculators, "almost without exception they eventually lose." Nevertheless, to intervene by law with a sweeping prohibition will hardly meet the situation. "Trading on margin" has been freely and indiscriminately denounced. But the committee points out that "purchasing securities on margin is as legitimate a transaction as a purchase of any other property in which part payment is deferred." This conclusion is, in principle, hardly open to dispute, unless the buying of real estate with a 60 per cent. mortgage on it is also to be proscribed. The committee recommends, however, that no purchase of stocks ought to be allowed on less than a 20 per cent. margin of cash payment; a provision which would at least do away with the most seductive temptation and surest guarantee of loss to the ignorant speculator.

Another of the more hap-hazard demands for reform has taken the shape of proposed abolition of "short selling." It has been seriously argued that something ethically wrong is involved in selling what one does not at the time possess, and that "short sales" are a species of conspiracy to destroy legitimate values. The committee shows with great clearness, not only that the entering on a contract to deliver hereafter what the contractor does not at the moment own is a perfectly normal and proper undertaking, common to all business, but that, on the Stock Exchange particularly, it is the strongest restraining influence against fictitious and unwarranted marking-up of prices.

By far the most difficult part of the committee's labors had to do with alleged improper and illegitimate manipulation of prices, under the shelter of the Stock Exchange. This is a question which deeply affects the interests, not only of the general public, but of the Stock Exchange itself. It is an evil which, if it exists, is bound to grow to especially dangerous proportions at times when powerful capitalists and institutions are engaged in the work of fostering "bull movements." To tempt the outside public in, a semblance of violent activity and a show of already advancing prices are notoriously the readiest means, and it has been freely alleged that both these achievements have been accomplished without the awkward necessity of buying from some one else, and paying for, the mass of securities involved.

If in this matter the committee's findings and recommendations are less conclusive, that is because the matter was peculiarly complicated. Manipulation with a view to creating a market for new securities, the committee holds, "when not accompanied by 'matched orders,' is unobjectionable *per se*," and "has certain advantages" in establishing regular quotations at which investors, at the very start, may buy and sell. But manipulation "in order to draw in the public as buyers and unload upon them the holdings of the operators, or to depress the prices and induce the public to sell," is declared to be an unmixed evil. The remedy, however, is exceedingly difficult to find, save in the discipline of the Stock Exchange itself. Such is the necessary machinery of the Exchange, that distribution, even of "matched orders," may be arranged by an outside party, through the medium of brokers wholly innocent of complicity. The committee, therefore, lays the duty of restraint and reform squarely at the door of the Stock Exchange authorities themselves. "Instances of continuous manipulation," it concludes, "are patent to every experienced observer, and could without difficulty be discouraged, if not prevented, by prompt action on the part of the Exchange authorities." This is a finding which places definite public responsibility on the shoulders of the institution.

Space is lacking to take up the numerous further recommendations of the report—some of them highly important—regarding not only the Stock Exchange, but the other similar organizations in other markets. What is reviewed above is the part of the committee's task which has chiefly occupied the public mind. The report as a whole is worthy the careful study and consideration of every business man.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbey, George. The Balance of Nature: A Practical Manual of Animal Foes and Friends. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

American Bar Association: Report of the Thirty-first annual meeting. Baltimore: The Lord Baltimore Press.

Auvergne, Edmund B. d'. Lola Montez: An Adventuress of the Forties. John Lane Co. $4 net.

Bagot, Richard. Anthony Cuthbert Brentano's.

Bailey, John C. The Claims of French Poetry: Nine Studies in the Greater French Poets. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

Barber, Edwin Atlee. The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States: An Historical Review of American Ceramic Art from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. (Third Edition.) Putnams.

Belleli, L. An Independent Examination of the Assuan and Elephantine Aramaic Papyri. London: Luzac & Co.

Blom, Ada. The Biography of a New York Hotel Scrub. New York: Ada Blom. 25 cents.

Bradley, A. C. Oxford Lectures on Poetry. Macmillan. $3 net.

Browning, Captain. Auction Bridge and How to Play It. Dutton & Co. 75 cents.

Carotti, Dr. G. A History of Art. Vol. II (Part I). Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Collier, James. Sir George Grey, Governor, High Commissioner, and Premier: an Historical Biography. London: Whitcombe and Tombs.

Count Lützow. The Life and Times of Master John Hus. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Davis, Foxcroft. The Whirl: A Romance of Washington Society. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Day, Sarah J. Mayflowers to Mistletoe: A Year with the Flower Folk. (Second Edition.) Putnams.

Ditchfield, P. H. The Old-Time Parson. Second edition. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

Eliot, Charles W. Education for Efficiency and the New Definition of the Cultivated Man. Houghton Mifflin. 35 cents.

Francis, John Collins. Notes by the Way. With Memoirs of Joseph Knight, F.S.A. London: G. Fisher Unwin.

Frizell, William G. Out of the Way Places. Dayton: United Brethren Publishing House. $1.20 net.

Fulton, Robert I., and Trueblood, Thomas C. Essentials of Public Speaking. Ginn & Co. 90 cents.

Green, Olive. How to Cook Vegetables. Putnams.

Grenfell, Wilfred Thomason. Adrift on an Ice-Pan. Houghton Mifflin. 75 cents net.

Hall, Arthur Graham, and Frink, Fred Goodrich. Trigonometry. Henry Holt & Co. $1.40.

Hall, Bolton. Life and Love and Peace. New York: Arcadia Press.

Hoogvliet, Dr. J. M. Elements of Dutch. (Seventh Edition.) The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff.

Hughes, James L. Teaching to Read. Barnes & Co. 50 cents.

Jewett, John Howard. Friends of the Hunted. Dodge Publishing Co. $1.

Knight, E. F. The Awakening of Turkey. Philadelphia: Lippincott Co.

Kottas, Dr. Karl. Thomas Randolph: Sein Leben und Seine Werke. Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller.

Law, Frederick Houk. Ad Miriam. Putnams.

Lester, Oliver Clarence. The Integrals of Mechanics. Ginn & Co. 80 cents.

Letts, W. M. Diana Dethroned. John Lane Co. $1.50.

Lewis, Lawrence. The Advertisements of The Spectator: Being a study of the Literature, History and Manners of Queen Anne's England, as well as an Illustration of the Origins of the Art of Advertising. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Lucy, Henry W. Sixty Years in the Wilderness. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Lyman, William Denison. The Columbia River: Its History, its Myths, its Scenery, its Commerce. Putnams.

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Mackail, J. W. Swinburne: A Lecture Delivered Before the University on April 30, 1909. Henry Frowde.
Oestéren, Friedrich Werner van. Armes Kalabrien. Wien: Verlag Lumen.
Pemberton, Max. The Show Girl. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.50.
Pickering, William H. A Search for a Planet Beyond Neptune. Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College. Vol. LXI, Part ii. Cambridge, Mass.
Picton, J. Allanson. Man and the Bible: A Review of the Place of the Bible in Human History. Henry Holt & Co. $2.
Pierce, William. An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts: A Chapter in the Evolution of Religious and Civil Liberty in England. Dutton & Co. $3 net.
Religion and Life: Chapel Addresses by Members of the Faculty of the Meadville Theological School. Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.10 net.
Shaw, Joseph Thompson. Spain of To-day: a Narrative Guide to the Country of the Dons. The Grafton Press.
Smith, Goldwin. No Refuge but in Truth. (Second Edition. Enlarged.) Putnams.
Sophocles. The Trachinian Maidens. Translated into English verse by Hugo Sharpley. London: David Nutt.
Stanard, Mary Newton. The Dreamer: a Romantic Rendering of the Life-story of Edgar Allan Poe. Richmond, Va.: Bell Book & Stationery Co.
Synge, John M. Poems and Translations. Churchtown, Dundrum, Cuala Press.
Taxation of Corporations. Report on the System of Taxing in New England: Part I. Washington: Government Printing Office.
The Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler: With a Supplementary Memoir by His Wife. Houghton Mifflin. $4 net.
The History of the Seal of the United States. Washington: Government Printing Office.
The Rise and Progress of the British Explosives Industry. Macmillan. $5.25 net.
The Smokeless Combustion of Coal in Boiler Plants. Washington: Government Printing Office.
The Statesman's Year-Book. Forty-sixth Annual Publication. Macmillan. $3 net.
The Water-Colours of J. M. W. Turner. Text by W. G. Rawlinson and A. G. Finberg. John Lane Co. $3 net.
Thorold, Algar. Six Masters in Disillusion. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.
Thwing, Charles F. Education in the Far East. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.
Tower, Walter Sheldon. The Story of Oil. Appleton & Co.
Trenholme, Rev. Edward Craig. The Story of Iona. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
Verrier, Paul. Essai sur les Principes de la Métrique Anglaise. Two parts. Paris: Librairie Universitaire.
Wenzlaff, Gustav Gottlieb. The Mental Man: an outline of the Fundamentals of Psychology. Merrill Co. $1.10.
Winslow, Helen M. A Woman for Mayor: a Novel of To-day. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.50.
Witkowski, Dr. Georg. The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century: Authorized translation from the second German edition by L. E. Horning. Henry Holt & Co.
Wood, H. G. Ideal Metrology in Nature, Art, Religion, and History. Dorchester, Mass.. H. G. Wood.

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